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HOME-SPUN SONGS.

BY SAMUEL SLICK, JUNR.

WAITING FOR YOU, JOCK.

WINTER's agoing;
 The streams are a-flowing;
 The May flowers blowing
 Will soon be in view.
 But all things seem faded,
 For my heart it is jaded,
 Waiting for you, Jock,
 Waiting for you;
 Oh, but it's weary work,
 Waiting for you!

As soon as the day's done,
 My thoughts to the west run;
 I envy the red sun,

That sinks from my view.
 On you it's a-shining,
 While here I am pining,
 Waiting for you, Jock,
 Waiting for you;
 Oh, but it's weary work,
 Waiting for you!

I sigh when the day beams,
 The pitiful night seems
 To cheer me with sweet dreams,
 That bear me to you.
 Each morn as you flee me,
 The fading stars see me,
 Waiting for you, Jock,
 Waiting for you;
 Oh, but it's weary work,
 Waiting for you!

Go, robin,* fly to him,
 Sing ever nigh to him;
 Summer winds, sigh to him;
 Bid him be true!
 Where he sleeps on the prairies,
 Oh, whisper, kind fairies,
 "Waiting for you, Jock,
 Waiting for you!
 Oh, but it's weary work,
 Waiting for you!"

* The American thrush.

AFEARED OF A GALL.

OH, darn* it all! — afeared of her,
 And such a mite of a gall!
 Why, two of her size rolled into one
 Won't ditto sister Sall.
 Her voice is sweet as the whipporwill's
 And the sunshine's in her hair;
 But I'd rather face a redskin's knife,
 Or the grip of a grizzly bear.

* Sister Sall don't like this word. Says it's only fit for stockings, and suchlike. But it can't be helped. The country folks are great at darning. They will "darn," and that's all about it. — S. S. Jr.

Yet Sall says, "Why, she's such a dear,
 She's just the one for you."
 Oh, darn it all! — afeared of a gall,
 And me just six feet two!

Though she ain't any size, while I'm
 Considerable tall,
 I'm nowhere when she speaks to me,
 She makes me feel so small.
 My face grows red; my tongue gets hitched,
 'The cussed thing won't go;
 It riles me, 'cause it makes her think
 I'm most tarnation slow.
 And though folks say she's sweet on me,
 I guess it can't be true.
 Oh, darn it all! — afeared of a gall,
 And me just six feet two!

My sakes! just 'spose if what the folks
 Is saying should be so!
 Go, cousin Jane, and speak to her,
 Find out and let me know;
 Tell her the galls should court the men,
 For isn't this leap year?
 That's why I'm kinder bashful like,
 Awaiting for her here.
 And should she hear I'm scared of her,
 You'll swear it can't be true.
 Oh, darn it all! — afeared of a gall,
 And me just six feet two!

Blackwood.

DYING HYMN.

EARTH with its dark and dreadful ills
 Recedes and fades away.
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills,
 Ye gates of Death, give way!

My soul is full of whispered song;
 My blindness is my sight;
 The shadows that I feared so long
 Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,
 My faith doth so abound,
 I feel grow firm beneath my feet
 The green, immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives
 Towards the grave to go;
 I know that my Redeemer lives, —
 That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see
 Where dwells my Lord and King;
 O grave, where is thy victory?
 O Death, where is thy sting?

ALICE CARY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TWO ACTS OF SELF-DEVOTION.

THERE is little need to explain at any length why death-scenes, so sad to witness, are so interesting to read of. The fact is at any rate well known, and has been abundantly traded on by second-rate poets and novelists. Their favourite plan of introducing us to an innocent young victim whose chief use (if rather tedious in life) is to beguile us of our tears on a sentimental death-bed, has been often justly censured. This device, too, defeats its own end ; for a thing which has scarcely *lived* cannot with any propriety of language be said to die. But when we are reading the description of a statesman's demeanour on the scaffold, or of a warrior breathing his last on a hardly-conquered field, the added interest with which we view the close of that career which we have been surveying throughout its progress, is perfectly legitimate. Nor can historian or biographer engrave their words at any time more deeply on our memories than when they are placing before us a man who is about (as Plutarch says*) to flee from that altar of Life which has ceased to afford him protection, in order to seek shelter at the more awful inner shrine of Death. This interest we do right to extend to similar passages in great works of fiction, whether prose or verse, because they are as true to the facts of nature as history and biography, — often far truer. Thus most men could sooner forget the stirring fights of the Iliad than the death of Hector, the gardens of Armida than the baptism of the dying Clorinda. For a death scene, not sentimentally tricked out with affected prettinesses, but truthfully and powerfully painted, stirs in us that sense of the sublime which belongs to the terrible when not near enough to alarm ; it awakens reverential pity in our breasts ; above all, it makes its appeal to one of man's strongest desires, his insatiable curiosity about the unknown. As we read we pursue with our eyes a traveller along that road where every footprint points forward ; we know that he cannot turn back to tell us what

the journey feels like, and yet we are assured that where we see him now standing we shall one day stand ourselves : no wonder, then, that we watch his every movement. That last march admits, properly speaking, of no rehearsals ; if ill executed it cannot be recommenced with a view to its better performance ; and so we like to rehearse it in imagination, and feel a strange excitement in studying our part beforehand.

No writer of fiction gratifies this desire with sounder judgment than Shakespeare. Grave, manly, yet full of human pity, his death-scenes arouse no maudlin sensibility ; they instruct while they affect us. In them we study the emotions called forth by death's approach in very various characters — the dull and common-place man and the genius — the unusually guilty and the singularly good. We mark how, as the great teacher draws near him, the rude and thoughtless Hotspur becomes suddenly enlightened ; how Hamlet's over-weighted mind is cleared of its perplexities by his touch. Who can read many of Shakespeare's finest passages without being reminded of his own words —

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest last —
Writ in remembrance, more than things long
past ?

And yet there is one omission in Shakespeare's death-scenes which, when we come to think of it, strikes us as hard to account for. None of his plays represents to us the noblest death of all — the free-will offering of a life on the altar of faith, home, or country. His plays abound with fair types of maiden modesty and grace ; but he neither emulates Euripides by making one of his young girls stand forth, timid yet resolute, to die for her fatherland, nor yet does he lead the way in which Calderon and Massinger were to follow, by picturing a virgin's readiness to die for her God. Shakespeare's wives are models, many of them, of submissive and loving devotion to their husbands ; but there is among them no Alcestis who ransoms her lord's life with her own. Lady Macbeth by her fierce and unscrupulous courage, Hamlet by the task of vengeance imposed upon him, recall to

* Life of Demosthenes.

us the Clytemnestra and the Orestes of *Æschylus*; but Prometheus, the willing sufferer for the benefit of mankind, finds no counterpart in the Shakesperian drama. Lear and Cordelia remind us of the blind king at Colonos and his dutiful daughter, but there the resemblance stops; the Antigone of Sophocles has no parallel among Shakespeare's tragedies. Nor has our great dramatist conceded to a man's brow the crown which he has refused to place upon a woman's. The forgotten Latin bards, whose ballads survive for us in Livy's exquisite prose, fired the young Roman's imagination by many a story of how his ancestors had devoted themselves to death for their country. But the tale of early Rome which Shakespeare dramatizes is a history of selfishness rather than of self-sacrifice; he depicts to us Coriolanus marching against his country, not Regulus calmly going to certain death at Carthage for its sake.

It is impossible to assign with any certainty the reason why the greatest of dramatists thus turns away from what would seem the noblest of tragic subjects. Shall we say that it was a mere accident; that conspicuous acts of self-sacrifice were infrequent in those popular histories and tales of Shakespeare's day which were selected by circumstances rather than by his own deliberate choice as the groundwork of his plays? so judging, shall we deem that had the poet in his retirement at Stratford seen the years of the two great Greek tragedians, his lengthened leisure might (among other precious fruits) have rivalled or outdone their two masterpieces? Or shall we look deeper for a reason, and say instead, that self-devotion in its noblest form had been exemplified in England too recently when Shakespeare wrote for him to find pleasure in depicting its lower manifestations; while those fires which his father may have seen blazing in Smithfield, had consumed sacrifices too holy to be represented on the English stage? and that thus it was that innate reverence of the poet for sacred things which his readers must thankfully acknowledge, which fenced round from him the most awful grove of all the Muses' haunts, and bade

him beware how he trespassed there, as profaner feet have since? Besides, is it not possible that even Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature failed him when he tried to picture to himself the unfolding of the aloë-blossoms of the world's garden, the feelings of nobly exceptional men and women in hours which were exceptional even in their own good lives? Not content with such a comparatively external delineation as would have satisfied the Greek stage, may not Shakespeare, with the modesty of true genius, have owned to himself that he did not yet possess the materials requisite for the fuller portraiture? Let us hope that to the greatest uninspired student of human nature such rare instances of its excellence did not seem incredible. Let us feel assured that he did not deliberately reject them as subjects for his art, because he thought them uninteresting compared with creatures

Not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;

since, had Shakespeare undertaken the task, he would have performed it with such due regard to the mingling of weakness with man's strength as to retain our fellow-feeling for a being still, however exalted, "of like passions with ourselves." But be the cause what it may, the fact is certain, that none of Shakespeare's plays turns on a death voluntarily endured for some great object; the English tragedies on such subjects are by inferior hands to his.

Not such has been the fate of themes of self-sacrifice in the two other great national European dramas, the Greek and the Spanish. In them they have engaged the attention of the greatest poets. As we have already said, of the few surviving tragedies of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, in each case one represents an act of self-devotion. In the more numerous remains of *Euripides*, such subjects are only too common; they are made cheap by frequent repetition.

Like the Greek, the Spanish stage was founded on its country's religion. Each alike does not shrink from presenting to its spectators the most sacred personages of its creed. What Shakespeare gener-

ally is content with implying, the Spaniard, like the Hellenic dramatists, openly express; the deepest truths known to them, the beliefs most cherished by their audience. That lively faith in the unseen, in which alone genuine self-sacrifice can have its root, is strong in Calderon as in Sophocles. The truths on which each based his tragedy were universally accepted by the spectators, and the assurance of their unflinching sympathy supported the poet in his task. We can therefore place "The Steadfast Prince" of Calderon by the side of the "Antigone" of Sophocles, as the product of the same spirit in the romantic, as his in the classic, drama. Nor shall we do amiss, when seeking to imagine how Shakespeare would have treated a similar subject, if we take our idea of the plot from Calderon, and of the characters from Sophocles, prophetic as he often is of Shakespeare in his turns of thought. We must remember, however, that neither the Greek nor the Spaniard can give us any notion of that wit and humour which are the unique heritage of the English dramatist; playing, as they do in "Lear" or "Hamlet," like summer lightning before the advancing storm, only to enhance by contrast its awful and gloomy grandeur.

The "Antigone" is last, in order of time, of the three plays founded by Sophocles on the misfortunes of *Œdipus* and his house. Excelled by the first (the most complete of all tales of woe) in tragic horror, it is yet the most pathetic of the three in this, that it represents the sufferings of a perfectly innocent victim. *Œdipus* is the cause of his own miseries, by the rash blow which he aims at the unknown Laius. His daughter's sorrows are the result of her own right-doing. The "Antigone" does not, like the "King *Œdipus*," astonish the mind by an amazing reverse from the greatest outward prosperity to the most hopeless misery; it begins, as it ends, in woe. Its predecessors run through a longer scale of emotions, the first descending, the second in ascent; and therefore impress the mind more strongly. But to the original audience the "Antigone" would appear

as the sequel to all that had gone before, as the concluding acts of that great Theban tragedy with which *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* had previously made their stage resound. And to judge it rightly now, we must recall those former plays to our remembrance; the anguished despair of *Œdipus* on discovering the two crimes which he has unwittingly committed, the curse on his two sons, the gallant advance and downfall of the "Seven against Thebes," and the wail of the two sisters when *Eteocles* and *Polynices* have fallen by each other's hands — when "the Chorus echo the beat of the oars in that ship which is moving with the fallen chieftains' souls" * over the ways of *Acheron* to the unseen land. † That funeral procession was disturbed by the entrance of the herald forbidding the burial of *Polynices*, as an enemy to his country. And the "Antigone" opens (as the "Seven against Thebes" closes) with the resolution of the heroine to resist that decree to the utmost. It proceeds from the new ruler of Thebes, *Creon*, ‡ brother to the wretched *Iocaste*, whose own life (prolonged by *Euripides* in his "*Phœnissæ*" to the time of her sons' death) *Sophocles* has followed *Homer* by terminating as soon as she has discovered the fatal secret of her second marriage. The great question on which the play turns is the righteousness of such a decree; whether it can ever be just to punish the dead, or whether all vengeance directed against those who now stand before a higher tribunal than man's is not an impious thing.

* Copleston's "*Æschylus*" ("*Ancient Classics for English Readers*").

† "Stirred by wind of wailing cries,
Beat your heads in strokes that fall
Timed to oars sad, musical,
Which o'er *Acheron* ceaseless rise
From that ship black-sailed and mourning;
(Ship *Apollo* may not tread,
By no sunbeam visited;
Ship which opes her hold to all)
To the unseen shore returning."

— *Seven against Thebes*, line 839, &c.

‡ This stern tyrant of the Greek stage appears in a more amiable, though supremely ludicrous light, in a juvenile production of *Racine's* "*Les Frères Ennemis*," where, transported with love for his niece, he readily reconciles himself to his son's death, with the exclamation, "*J'étais père et sujet, je suis amant et roi.*"

This question being decided against Creon, by the common feeling of the tragedian and his audience, the second question is raised : how far active resistance to an unrighteous law is to be justified. An extreme case is purposely set forth ; that of a subject withstanding the ruler of the state, of a woman disobeying the man who has over her the authority of a father. And so the true justification of such disobedience is placed in the clearer light, as reverence to the higher law, through fear of transgressing which alone the lower is broken. Thus the irony of Sophocles (to use Bishop Thirlwall's phrase) is as conspicuous in the "Antigone" as in his other dramas. That strong sense of the startling contrasts frequent in human life between the apparent and the real, which in the "Philoctetes" delights to show us in a weak and suffering man the arm on which the fall of Troy, in truth, depends, sets before us here, in the king (the seeming asserter of the majesty of the law), a tyrant whose edicts violate that true law which is the foundation of all the rest ; in the maiden, who defies his authority and suffers for her crime, the real reverencer of that higher Law for the sake of keeping which she dies a martyr.

Sophocles does not depict his heroine as perplexed by any conflicting thoughts of the duties of citizenship and kindred. He ascribes to her that "honest heart which is the best casuist ;" that intuitive sense of right, which may find it hard (as Antigone does afterwards) to justify its own convictions to others, but which never falters in them itself. Never afterwards, not even when the gods seem to have declared against her, does Antigone wish her deed undone. The moral government of the universe, the after-consequences of right-doing, may seem to her for a moment painfully uncertain ; but she never allows herself to think that she could have acted differently. With this strong and noble maiden is contrasted a gentle, weaker sister, Ismene, who clings to her with a passionate attachment, which after a time lifts up her own feeble nature to a momentary heroism, but who is incapable of sharing Antigone's lofty purpose. She thus provokes her sister's greater but sorely-tried spirit, to treat her with scarcely warrantable harshness in the two critical moments in which alone we see them together ; that such harshness was the exception, not the rule, of their intercourse, we have the fullest assurance afterwards, when we see Ismene,

timid as she is, prefer death with her sister to life without her.

But in the first scene of the play the altercation waxes hot :—

Ismene. Mean'st thou to bury him against the law?

Antigone. My brother and thine also? Yea, even if

Thou aid not; ne'er will I be found a traitor.

Then Ismene raises her voice in behalf of prudence and caution. Women cannot be expected to fight against men ; the calamities of their house may well warn its two last survivors against rashness : "May my dead kindred forgive me," is her conclusion, "since I neglect them not by free-will, but by constraint ; but I shall obey the law : to act otherwise would show no good sense."

Ant. I would not bid thee do it; if thine aid Were freely offered now, I would not have it. Go where thou wilt, I go that man to bury. If for such deed I die, I die with honour, To lie, beloved, beside my brother loved, Righteous in my transgression; since 'twill profit Longer to please the dead than please the living;

For with them I shall ever rest; but thou Despise (if such thy choice) what gods revere.

Ismene confesses herself too weak to share in the exploit, which she at once blames and admires her sister for performing ; and Antigone departs alone. When she is gone, the Chorus of citizens occupy the vacant stage. They sing of the recent deliverance of Thebes ; of the peril brought on his hapless country by Polynices, the chieftain whose body now lies unburied outside their gates ; the eagle about to swoop upon them, and rend them with his talons, but disappointed of his prey by the patron deity of their city : how

Seven chieftains fierce against the seven gates fighting
Found each his match, and lost their brazen arms,
Zeus at his will their manly hearts affrighting.
But the two, brothers in their hate severe,
Raised weapons, fraught for each with deadly harms,
And (common lot of death on both alighting)
Fell each by brother's spear.

Presently Creon enters, to explain and glory in his law against the burial of Polynices before the assembled citizens. They assure him, with trembling lips, that no one will dare to break it ; and while they are doing so, the frightened guardian of the corpse appears with the

news that it has been transgressed. He details the tokens which prove that there has been a performance of sepulchral rites, hasty indeed, and imperfect, but sufficient according to Greek ideas, to avert those penalties which await the unburied in the under-world. Creon is very angry, and dismisses the watchman with the command to discover the transgressor or to suffer in his room. The interval caused by his absence is filled up, as usual, by a Choric Ode. But the suspense of the audience is not of long duration. It is soon terminated by the watchman's reappearance with the captive Antigone, whom he had seized while visiting her brother's body for the second time. He gives the king a circumstantial account of the maiden's horror on seeing it cruelly despoiled of the earth which her pitying hand had cast upon it; of her "shrill and bitter cry, like a bird that has found her nest emptied of its young;" of her attempt to renew her offerings, and of her capture undismayed and owning the whole charge. Then the tyrant and the maiden confront one another: the asserter of arbitrary power, and the maintainer of the justice of heaven.

Cr. Thou, thou who standest with eyes bent on earth,
Dost thou confess these deeds, or else deny?

Ant. I own I did them and deny them not.

Cr. (to the Watchman.)

Thou then betake thee where thou listest, free,
By this acquittal, of a heavy charge.

(To Antigone.)

But thou, say briefly, not in long harangue,
Knew'st thou this act had been proclaimed unlawful?

Ant. I did; how could I else? The law was public.

Cr. And yet hadst boldness to transgress the law?

Ant. Yea, for it was no Zeus who published it;

Nor Justice, dweller with the gods beneath,—
They never made such laws for men to keep.
Nor could I see strength in thy proclamations,
Being mortal, such as to o'erstep the unwritten
And never-to-be-shaken laws of gods.

For these began not now nor yesterday,
But ever live, none having seen their birth.
For breaking these, through fear of any man,
I will not be condemned before the gods.
Full well I know that I must die (who does not?)

E'en hadst thou held thy peace; but if for this
I die before my time I count it gain.
For who, as I, can live in many griefs
And not by death be gainer? Thus to me
To meet such fate shall not cause any pain.
But had I left my mother's son, when dead,
To lie a corpse unburied, then my heart
Had pained me, as it does not pain me now.

If still thou count my deed for foolishness
Haply a fool of folly finds me guilty.

The Chorus are terrified, Creon is irritated by this display of courage. He threatens instant death to Antigone and to her sister, her presumed accomplice. The same want of self-control which leaves him at the close of the play to sink beneath the burden of adversity, makes him now powerless in prosperity to bear opposition to his will. Furious at the thought of a woman's having dared to disobey him, he is even yet more enraged at her for afterwards glorying in the deed. To deprive her of that boast, he condescends for a moment to employ argument. He charges her with impiety towards her other brother, Eteocles, by paying honours to his slayer's corpse. Her answers are fine and pathetic.

Ant. It was no slave who perished, 'twas a brother.

Cr. Wasting this land—for which the other fought.

Ant. Still death demands that both have equal rites.

Cr. Not that the bad be equalled with the good.

Ant. Who knows if good be there the same as here?

Cr. Not even death can make our foe our friend.

Ant. Sharer of love, not hatred, was I born.

Cr. If thou must love our foe, go seek him out

Beneath the earth, and love him in his grave.

Ismene's entrance follows this brutal rejoinder. She stands as a mourner, bathed in tears, to plead for her sister's life; or, if that may not be, for leave to share her death. Her temporary courage, which is born of affection only, throws into stronger relief the higher and more enduring courage of Antigone, sprung as it is, not more from affection than from duty. No wonder that in the heroine's sight it is almost contemptible; that she can scarcely believe in the sincerity of this late offer to share in the glory and the danger of the deed which Ismene left itself unperformed; and that a proud satisfaction in knowing that Polynices' burial by one sister only, and that herself, will be the theme of future song, mingles with Antigone's softer gladness at the thought that, though *she* must die, yet her gentle young sister may live. But to us the timid, shrinking Ismene is an interesting figure; we are glad that her generous offer to share the responsibility of the deed from which she dissuaded her sister is rejected,—partly, in-

deed, because we fear that her brief courage might have failed her after all — but partly, also, because we could not bear to see such a fair young thing subjected to the terrible ordeal through which all Antigone's fortitude has much ado to bear her. It is thus that Ismene's entreaty for an after-share in her sister's glorious crime is rejected.

Ant. Seek not to die with me, nor make thine own

The work thou didst not touch : my death suffices.

Is. What life can ever please me 'reft of thee?

Ant. Ask Creon, to whose son thou art betrothed.

Is. Woe is me! Am I not to share thy fate?

Ant. Yea; for thy choice was life, but mine was death.

Is. But not without a warning word from me.

Ant. Thy words to thee seemed right, mine wise to me.

Is. Our error was alike.

Ant. Be of good cheer,

For life is thine; but I died long ago,

If so I might do service to the dead.

It is here that Creon interrupts the dialogue by sternly chiding Ismene for her madness in trying to cast in her lot with her sister; of whom he bids her speak as no longer living, but already dead. Ismene tries, at a last resource, the name of Hæmon, Creon's own son, and, in happier days, the betrothed of Antigone. "Hades shall stop that marriage," is the king's reply, as he commands his 'prisoners to be removed. But, after the Chorus have raised a strain of lamentation over the miseries of the house of Œdipus, over the scythe now uplifted to mow down its last hope, and over man's general infelicity, Hæmon himself enters; and the audience turn eagerly to watch the success of the latest effort for Antigone's deliverance.

The youth fears to provoke his father by freely showing the affection which he feels. He tries at first to disclaim personal interest in the matter, and to represent calmly that Antigone's execution would be a false step, shocking the citizens who have admired her action. But after each harsh reply of the father, the son becomes less able to restrain his feelings. Then Creon's wrath blazes out, and he threatens to slay the maiden before Hæmon's eyes. The youth swears that he will not survive her, and rushes forth, warning his father that he will see him again no more. Creon is too angry to

give serious heed to these threats, and provoked by them to greater fury, pronounces his hasty sentence. Antigone is to be led outside the city, and buried alive in a rocky cell; a little food beside her to make her death gradual enough to avert pollution from the state. "There let her call," the king savagely says, "on Hades, the only god she honours. Perchance he may deliver her; if not, she will be convinced of the vanity of her worship."

The Chorus begin to sing the overmastering power of love, in compassion for the hapless youth who is about to fall a victim to it. Ere their song is done, the guards appear leading Antigone to die. Then, in a grand lyric outburst of passionate sorrow, the ill-fated maiden utters her last farewells to life; the Chorus responding in feebler notes, expressive of their admiration (mixed with some disapproval) of her noble rashness, and of their pity. Antigone goes forth the innocent victim of her parents' crime, and bewails, as she goes, like Jephthah's daughter, the lost delight of youth, "the promise of her bridal bower." But it is the marriage to which she had looked in the abstract as the needful completion of her young life, not any special husband that she regrets. No word escapes her lips which tells us whether she in any degree returns that mighty passion, the full effects of which we have yet to see in her lover. Rather it would seem that in Antigone's mind, as in Hamlet's, the thoughts of love which may have delighted it in peaceful times, have been driven backward, far out of sight, by the onward rush of an overpowering calamity, and obliterated by solemn communion with the dead.

Ant. Look on me, dwellers in my native land,

Treading the last dread way,
Gazing my last on the sun's light,
No more to see the day.

For me, still living, down to Acheron's strand
(Closer of all eyes in night),
Hades leads along,

Before the day when I should wed,
Unheard as yet my nuptial song, —
Another bridegroom, Death, waits for the
bride instead.

Cho. Glorious and well praised of man
Thou departest to the tomb,
Not by sickness wasted wan,
Not by sword-stroke smitten, still
Full of life, thou only of free-will
Goest down to Hades' gloom.

Ant. Mournful the story which I heard of old

How Phrygian Niobe

Perished beside Mount Sipylus :
 Perpetual captive she,
 To rocky clasp more tight than ivy's hold.
 Men report she ever thus
 Wastes away in rain
 And ceaseless snow, which eyes despairing
 Drop down her neck. Such bed of pain
 As hers, a god's stern hand is now for me pre-
 paring.

Cho. Yet she was sprung of gods, herself
 divine :

We are but men of mortal line.
 A lot with children of the gods allowed,
 Might make a mortal maiden proud.

Ant. They mock me. By our father's gods,
 ah! why

Insult ye me,
 Not dead yet living, by your mocking cry ?
 Oh, city! fellow-countrymen
 Whose houses many treasures hide!
 Waters from Dirce's fount that gently glide!
 Thou woodland haunted glen
 Of Thebe, the fair-charioted!
 I call you all my witnesses to be,
 How, without tear from friend,
 Enforced I to my tomb descend,
 My new-piled prison dread.
 Ah me unhappy! denizen
 Of neither world — the living nor the dead!

Cho. Boldly thou didst force thy way,
 Up to Justice' threshold high;
 Stumbling there, child, hopelessly,
 Like thy sire a debt to pay.

Ant. Ah! thou hast touched upon my sorest
 woe,

The thrice-renowned
 Doom of my fathers; doom which all must
 know

Who spring from Labdacus the Great.
 Woe for the furies of our house!
 Most wretched mother of thy son the spouse
 Appointed by stern fate!
 Ah! of what parents unto sorrow born
 I now depart from hence, by curses bound,
 Deprived of marriage rite,
 To dwell with them remote from light!
 Well, brother, may I mourn
 That thou in evil hour didst mate :
 Me living thy dead hand from life has torn.

Cho. The dead revering thou didst well re-
 vere;

But might to monarch's hand assigned,
 Let none defying cast off fear.
 Thou diest for thy wilful mind.

Ant. Unwept, unfriended, and unwed,
 Along the fated way,
 I, hapless maid, am led,
 The holy eye of yon bright torch of day,
 Never, ah, never more to see!
 Over my evil lot no tears are shed,
 There wails no friend for me.

No version of this celebrated passage
 can place it adequately before the Eng-
 lish reader. We merely offer our own as
 one more contribution added to the many
 efforts which have been made already to
 reproduce some portion of its unrivalled

pathos for those who cannot read it in the
 original. Only those who can do so can
 fully enter into Antigone's touching la-
 mentation over her early-blighted youth,
 and over its cause — the curse which,
 resting on her ill-fated house, forbids any
 child of *Edipus* and *Iocaste* to die other-
 wise than by a strange and fearful death.
 To one of such a race there can be no
 safe refuge but the grave. And yet, ming-
 led with the shame and the anguish of
 such thoughts, comes a mysterious sense
 of a greatness in unparalleled misery,
 which bids the maiden seek out a likeness
 for herself amid the suffering children of
 the gods. The Chorus, representing, as
 usual, the average commonplace senti-
 ments of the many, add to her pain by
 failing to enter into her lofty thoughts,
 and wound her by their want of sympathy.
 Their censure of her daring deed suggests
 the terrible thought to her that it may
 have been uncalled for after all. At the
 moment when she feels all the bitterness
 of her sacrifice, she especially needs to
 assure herself that she has not risked
 and lost her life without adequate cause.
 Hence, when *Creon* bids the lamentations
 to cease, and commands the guard to hast-
 en to the place of execution, *Antigone*
 makes one last effort to place on record
 the motives of her conduct. A part of her
 reasoning, the cause assigned by her (as
 by the wife of *Intaphernes* in *Herodotus*)
 for a woman's preference* of her brother
 to her husband and children, sounds to us
 strange and far-fetched. But (to say noth-
 ing of the possibility that in the degrada-
 tion of the idea of marriage through pa-
 ganism, fraternal might seem a holier
 sentiment than conjugal affection) this
 argument, by its very sophistry, supplies
 at once an example of a woman's aptness
 to act rightly and to reason wrongly, and,
 again, of that bewilderment which some-
 times besets even a clear mind when sud-
 denly called, in a moment of agony, to
 justify its own instincts to others and to
 itself. There is something inexpressibly
 touching in the rest of the speech; the
 uncertainty which its close reveals as to
 the approbation of the gods exalts yet
 more the heroism of the speaker; while
 her appeal from the injustice of the living
 to the affectionate applause of the dead,
 gives an additional grandeur to her de-
 parting form, as with one last outcry
 against the wrong which she is enduring,
 she vanishes from our eyes.

* The speech of *Althea* in *Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon,"* is an English version of these sentiments.

Ant. O tomb! O bridal chamber! O abode!
Dug to hold fast for ever! Thee I enter
To join my kindred, of whom most already
Persephone has numbered with her dead.
Last of whom I, and with worst end by far,
Go down, not having filled my time allotted.
Yet go I with good hope to meet my father
Pleased with me; thee, my mother, too well
pleased;

And thee, my brother, most of all content.
For you, in death, my parents, with this hand
I washed and decked for burial, and libations
Poured on your tombs; thy limbs but now
composed

For burial, Polynices, death have earned me.
That I did well thus honouring thee the wise
Will own; for had I mother been of children,
Neither for them, nor for my spouse in death,
Had I discharged this office 'gainst the state.
Ask ye what rule I follow speaking so?
A living husband may the dead succeed,
A child born to him take the lost one's place;
But, now my parents both in Hades sleep,
Who a fresh brother can bring forth for me?
Therefore I paid thee honour before all,
And thought it righteous to break Creon's law,
And to dare very greatly, O my brother!
For this cause seizing me, to death he leads
Thus spouseless; without nuptials, ere I know
A wife's delight, or mother's care for son.
So go I forth ill-fated, desolate,
Through living burial, those I love to meet,
Having transgressed what order of the gods?
Ah! why should I, unhappy, to the gods
Look any longer, or invoke their aid,
Since to me piety for sin is reckoned?
But if the gods approve such deeds, then when
They strike, I needs must own that I have
erred.

If they blame Creon, still let him nought worse
Bear than he wrongfully inflicts on me.

Cho. Yet is her soul stirred by the same
Blasts as before.

Cr. Your tarrying longer here, with foot-
step lame,
Ye shall deplore.

Ant. Alas! that word is spoken to proclaim
My life is o'er.

Cho. We cannot say, be of good cheer;
His deed makes good his word severe.

Ant. Oh, city of my Theban fatherland!
God's of my fathers' line!

They lead me forth to die, none stays their
hand.

Ye, chiefs of Thebes divine,
Behold me, of your royal house the last,
What things I of what men endure,
Because with holy hand and pure
I hallowed things hold fast!

This last appeal, disregarded below, is
heard on high. The heroine has disap-
peared from sight, and the Chorus are
trying to soothe their own sorrow by fan-
tastic parallels between her sufferings
and those of famous ladies of old (per-
haps with some latent hope that she may
yet be delivered as they were), when an-

other form is seen advancing from the
opposite side of the stage. It is that of
the blind old Teiresias, the mighty sooth-
sayer, who first warned *Œdipus* of his
coming woe — the prophet at whose ever-
true words even tyrants tremble. He
has been warned by sure tokens of
heaven's wrath to bid Creon cease from
his unnatural warfare against the dead.
And, after describing them, he closes his
addresses to him by the significant
words:—

These things, my son, consider; for to err
Is common unto all men, and that man
Is neither void of counsel nor unhappy
Who, when he *has* sinned, straightway reme-
dies

The ill incurred, nor shows a stubborn mind.

Creon derides the warning, and refuses
the proffered advice. Then the insulted
prophet bids him prepare to give a son's
life in exchange for the unburied dead
and the entombed living. And hinting
at yet further calamities, he adds, "Soon
shall wailing fill thine own house, and
hostile arms surround this city." Hav-
ing said this, he turns wrathfully from
the misguided king, and retires to his
own house in displeasure.

And now, to make the beholders' sor-
row yet greater, a deliverance, which
they feel assured will come too late, is
procured for Antigone. Creon's soul is
shaken by the fearful predictions of
Teiresias; he yields to the persuasions
of the Chorus, and departs to release his
victim. But the passionate supplications
which they pour forth after his departure
to Bacchus, the Theban god, for aid in
this sore extremity, prove vain. A mes-
senger approaches, and Eurydice, Hæ-
mon's mother, comes forth to receive from
his lips the tidings of her son's death. A
classic Romeo, Hæmon has slain himself
in the grave of Antigone, into the recesses
of which he had penetrated too late. For
no sooner had its dreaded walls closed
round the hapless maid, than, hopeless of
rescue, she deemed it best to abridge her
sufferings by strangling herself. To a
Greek audience such an expedient would
seem natural; a modern reader will al-
ways wish that Sophocles had brought
about his catastrophe by some other
means, and spared his pious heroine the
noose which more appropriately termi-
nates the miseries of Iocaste, or the
crimes of the wretched Phædra. But
when Hæmon directly afterwards forces
his way into the tomb, only to find there
the lifeless body of Antigone, his shrieks

of despair strike his father's ear, as, bound on a similar errand, he is pausing to direct the long-delayed burial of Poly- nices. Hurrying forward at the sound, Creon finds his son maddened by his grief; who at first turns his sword against his father, but on second thought with surer aim sheathes it in his own breast. Then casting his arm round the dead maiden, the hapless Hæmon breathes his last breath forth on the cheek which he was not suffered to kiss in life, and (so the messenger concludes his doleful history)

There lies he dead, clasping the dead; receives
His bride, poor wretched youth! in Hades'
house.*

The miserable Eurydice hears this sad tale in silence, and then departs, still without a word, to follow her son down to his doleful marriage-chamber. Her suicide accomplishes the prophecy of Teiresias, by paying from Creon's own house a woman's life for the woman, a man for the man, whom he had wronged. Creon's bitter cup is now full; and the play closes leaving him "a living corpse bereft of the life of life, joy," accusing himself as the murderer of his own son, and crying in the anguish of his soul for death.

The claims of poetic justice, as commonly understood, are thus satisfied, and Antigone is amply avenged. Nor has she died in vain, since in death she obtains for her brother those full burial-rites which she could not succeed in bestowing on him in life. To give any other reward to her lofty and pure devotion, the tragic Muse (waiting as yet amid darkness for the coming dawn) significantly owns herself incompetent. It is not in *her* power to explain or to justify Antigone's assurance that a welcome awaits her piety in the unseen world compared with which earthly love is as nothing. She cannot produce the same proof of the gods' approval of the maiden's self-devotion, as she can of their disapprobation of Creon. The "Antigone" of Sophocles suggests a question which it does not answer: it leaves the beholder with a chilling fear in his breast that, after all, the gods may not greatly regard man's struggles to hold fast the right; and yet not without a hope that "some better thing" has been provided for those who in comparison with righteous dealing have held earth's rewards cheap.

* "C'è che'l viver non ebbe, abbia la morte." — TASSO.

To descend to subordinate points. The death of Hæmon is the precursor of many a touching scene in romantic fiction, to which, rather than to classic, it seems to belong. Compared with the other extant remains of the Greek poets, it has a decidedly modern air. No other man in ancient poetry so much as offers to die for a woman's sake, even for a woman who loves him. The peerless pre-eminence of Antigone is indicated, as by other means, so by the youth's despair, to whom (unlike the Theban Princess in the plays of Racine and of Alfieri) she speaks no word of love, but who, nevertheless, cannot endure to survive her. We are more impressed by the way in which Sophocles here makes the whole interest of his play to centre in his heroine, dwarfing all its other personages by comparison with her grand character, because in his other surviving dramas women are seldom prominent — one of them, the "Philoctetes," containing no female part at all. Did we possess, for example, his lost Iphigenia and his Polyxena, his Antigone might have had rivals in our esteem more formidable than she now has in Deianeira or in the submissive Tecmessa. Yet it is hard to imagine what picture, even from the hand of Sophocles himself, could have matched the one we have been contemplating; a sufferer at once so innocent and so majestic; a woman so masculine in her courage and yet so feminine in the source of that courage, her reverence for the charities of kindred and the sanctities of home.

The "Electra" of Sophocles challenges comparison in some points with his "Antigone;" but the sterner features are there deepened, and have less to relieve them; the heroine's object (to revenge her father's murder on her own mother) is a fearful kind of reverence for the dead when placed beside Antigone's; most of all, the halo of the martyr's crown which encircles the Theban maiden's head, is lacking to that of the haughty and successful Electra.

Last of a fated house, each stands alone
Mourning a father's wrongs, yet proud defies
A tyrant; each bewails with streaming eyes
A brother, to the dead untimely gone.
But in the urn o'er which One makes her moan
Life stirs; o'erjoyed she sees the dead arise
To slay the slayers, — and her eager cries
To vengeance spur him, — and the work is
done.

The Other all in vain bends o'er her dead,
His cold grasp draws her down his tomb to
share;

One dies, one triumphs; but the dead are free,
After the living stalk Avengers dread.
Better still glooms than snake-wreathed torches'
glare,
More than Electra blessed, Antigone!

This reflection, which prompts every reader of the two plays to say, "Rather let me fail with Antigone, than succeed with Electra," testifies to the moral and spiritual beauty of the drama which we have been considering. One respect in which it exemplifies the "irony" of Sophocles, has already been referred to. With the mention of another we may conclude our somewhat imperfect sketch* of the most beautiful of Hellenic tragedies.† In Creon's case the irony of fate is seen by making a man strong outwardly who is weak within; by removing from one who has no power to place restraint on his own passions all external restraint from circumstances; till (to use Plato's language) the tyrant, inwardly tyrannized over by the lawless inmates of his own breast, rushes to that hopeless ruin from before which his very prosperity has removed all the interposing barriers. In Antigone's case, the outward failure is as complete as in Creon's the success. Even her stealthy and scanty offering of earth is not suffered to remain on her brother's corpse; and she is herself removed to endure the punishment of the impious. She is the just sufferer of Plato's celebrated Dialogue. And yet, as he is pronounced happy by a sublime paradox which had to await its logical justification from revelation, so must she have been by the instincts of even a heathen audience. And thus the most startling and instructive of the Sopho-

clean contrasts is arrived at; that of misery without, enshrining goodness (which is virtually blessedness) within.

When we prepare to contrast a tragedy like the "Antigone" with any romantic drama, we must not forget that although they belong to the same genus, yet they are specimens of widely different species. The choric song, the lyric utterances of minds strung too high for ordinary speech in the classic, are hushed in the romantic drama; and instead, we hear the hum of more numerous and more natural voices. Each fair cold statue descends from its pedestal, like Hermione in the "Winter's Tale," and stands less stately, perhaps less graceful, than before, in warm and breathing life by our side. If we were to conceive of an Antigone as written by Shakespeare, we cannot imagine anything more grand than her speech on the majesty of law, or more beautiful than her pathetic lamentations, as proceeding even from him. But we should expect to be brought into more intimate acquaintance with the heroine under his guidance, instead of admiring her, as we now do, from a respectful distance; by a thousand little touches Shakespeare would have filled in the noble sketch till the portrait glowed life-like before us. The length of a play of Shakespeare's—nearly double that of one by Sophocles, and more than double when the dialogues are compared alone—gives added scope for this. But, alas! it is with no play of Shakespeare that we can propose to compare the "Antigone." We have instead to turn from this noble group of antique sculpture to the brilliant colours but often weak drawing of Calderon's long picture-gallery, and we take our stand before his "Steadfast Prince;" attracted thither, as in that well-known Spanish picture, "Padilla's Execution," by the grave, earnest face, stooping in manly grief over the fallen comrades for whom he sorrows more than for himself. Calderon is, as our readers probably know, a very great dramatist; we need scarcely add that his is not the genius of a Shakespeare. After the simple severity of the Greek drama especially, the Spanish tragedian seems somewhat over-florid, his language rather hyperbolic than forcible; his metaphors strike us as too lavishly scattered, his long harangues as requiring cutting down to more reasonable size. But these things belong to, and harmonize with, the semi-oriental genius of his nation; they are a part of the traditions of the Spanish, as the Chorus is of

* We need scarcely say that a fuller account of several of the scenes, and specimens of the best translations of the "Antigone" will be found, along with many interesting observations on the play, in Mr. Collins's excellent "Sophocles," one of the now universally known series of "Ancient Classics for English Readers."

† Since this was written we have had the pleasure of reading Professor Campbell's (in many respects) excellent version of "Three Plays of Sophocles." He will pardon us for saying that, in our judgment, he has succeeded better with the "Electra" and the "Trachiniae" than with the "Antigone"—as might be expected, from the nature of his task. Of the two latter, we incline to prefer the last named; for though he has mostly well caught the pathos of the "Electra," the translator has not been always so fortunate as to escape commonplace—e.g., in such passages as the disguised messenger's introduction to Clytemnestra, or even in the finest scene. One cause of this is the introduction of rhymed couplets in the iambic dialogue, which are out of place in a classic drama, and would be better excluded in a future edition from the few scenes in which they occur in all these three plays. Deianira's most sad story is particularly well rendered by Mr. Campbell; and he has been especially happy in the first and last chorus, lines 94 and 823—and (in most respects) with the difficult speeches of the dying Heracles.

the Greek, stage. The speech of the dying hero, with its piles of similes and its interminable rush of verse, is conventional, like the solemn song of the dying heroine.

Some of Calderon's gifts as a dramatist are not displayed in his "Steadfast Prince;" of others, and those his highest, it gives full proof. Certainly, its simple story affords little space for that singular dexterity with which, in some of his other plays, he weaves and unravels the most complicated entanglements. Its want, also, of a Christian heroine, which leaves the play destitute of any love-scenes, save those which belong to a very secondary under-plot, deprives us of that dignified yet passionate love-making in which Calderon's romantic cavaliers generally distinguish themselves. But, on the other hand, we are gainers by the absence of most of those tedious attempts at wit, which in many of his other plays only make Calderon's deficient sense of humour the more conspicuous. The subject, too, of this tragedy, sufficiently remote both in time and place to allow the softening lights of poetry to play upon its personages, was still happily near enough in both to preserve its author from those astounding mistakes as to history and geography which often provoke a smile in his classic dramas; and of which the first instance which we remember, the march of Alexander the Great over the Peloponnesus, a *mountain in Asia*, may serve as a sample. More than that, it was a subject alike interesting to the author and to the audience. Sure of their sympathy, Calderon could not fail to set forth, with all the splendour at his command, a Crusade against the Infidel; prison and death braved and endured by a Christian prince in defence of the true faith. We here reach the source of the Spanish as of the Hellenic drama's strength—the tragedian's absolute certainty of a response when he touched certain chords. No Greek would doubt the sinfulness of leaving a brother's body unburied; no Spaniard that of abandoning Christian churches to the unbelievers: each would applaud the heroism which dies rather than prove false to such sacred obligations. Thus Sophocles and Calderon could alike feel strong in the strength of the foundation of their drama—the religious sentiment of their own nation. And thus, amidst the greatest diversity of form, their plays have a similarity of spirit. Like the heroine of Sophocles, Calderon's hero suffers apparent defeat,

and gains a real victory, like her he makes good with his life the sacred trust committed to him: for him, as for her, Heaven interposes in death, though human succour comes too late. But, happier far than she is, his calm serenity is perturbed by no doubts of his unseen Helper. The noblest heathens could but feel after an unknown God "like children crying for the light." Calderon's Portuguese hero "has the light, and fears no dark at all." He offers his life, with all a Christian's humility and a true knight's intrepid courage, as a willing sacrifice to his God and Saviour; and no fears perplex him as to how that sacrifice may be accepted.

The story of this Christian *Regulus* will be understood from a brief abstract of Calderon's play, which we need only preface by saying that in all its main outline it is true: Don Fernando, of Portugal (grandson, through his mother, to our own John of Gaunt), having been taken captive (as is here told) in an unfortunate African expedition, having refused liberty on the Moorish king's terms, and having died of the ill-treatment which he endured in consequence, though after more protracted sufferings than those which Calderon describes. In our extracts we shall exactly follow Calderon's structure of verse; his usual rhymed metre being the singularly graceful one peculiar to Spanish plays, diversified by occasional sonnets and by passages in triple, in octave, and in a broken heroic verse.

We shall only change (at least in the most important speech) the assonants—which, as in many Spanish ballads, give an imperfect rhyme to the remaining portions of the play—for full rhymes; being moved so to do by the consideration that in Spanish the vowels have an unchanging, in English a varying sound; and that therefore while *a* and *e*, for example, will strike the ear in line after line of a Spanish ballad—the altering consonants with which they recur preserving us from too great monotony—the same vowel in English changes its sound too much (as, for instance, in "angel," "wander," "handed," "father,") to do more than appeal to the eye, while it leaves the ear unsatisfied.

"The Steadfast Prince," begins by a scene at Fez, in the king's gardens; where the song of the Christian captives strikes the first note of the sad strain which we are to hear so frequently during its course. They are singing to the mournful accompaniment of their clank-

ing chains, for the gratification of Phoenix, the king's daughter. After their dismissal her father enters to prepare her for her intended marriage with the King of Morocco, whose portrait he places in her unwilling hand; her heart being secretly given already to Muley, the general of her father's army. That devoted lover, entering to make his report to the king on the proposed expedition against Ceuta, surprises the princess with the portrait in her hand. He stifles his jealousy till he has announced that the Portuguese have themselves taken the initiative, and instead of merely preparing to defend Ceuta, are about to attack Tangiers. Their leaders are the King of Portugal's brothers, Henry and Ferdinand, Grand Master of the Order of Avis. The King of Fez receives this news with defiant pride, and declares his purpose to keep Tangiers and storm Ceuta, in spite of any masters and princes in the world. He goes away; and then Muley's jealousy overcomes his respect for his princess, and he asks her angrily whose the portrait is. Phoenix at first replies that though she has condescended to allow Muley to love, yet she has given him no permission to insult her. Presently, however she enters on a further explanation, and then asks —

Aow then sinned I, if my father
Treats this marriage?

Muley. How? by breaking
Faith with me; that portrait taking
And not saying, "Kill me rather."

Phoenix. Could I help it?

Mu. Easily.

Ph. How?

Mu. Inventions hast thou tried?

Ph. Which?

Mu. At least thou couldst have died:
I would gladly die for thee.

The scene changes. For a time we leave the Moorish palace for the Christian army, and witness the disembarkation of the Portuguese princes on the African coast. Prince Henry falls as he takes his first step on land, and other previous evil omens combine to dismay his mind. Ferdinand, whom these in truth concern, bids him be of good courage. Like Hector, and like Hamlet, the young champion of the Cross defies auguries; and alas! as we shall see, with the same evil result, as far as temporal success goes. He says —

These common portents and these terrors vain
Come to win credence from our Moorish foes,
Not to dismay the knights of Christ's own
train:

We two are such; not here in fight we close
From vain desire of proud memorial
Which in the scroll of history brightly shows
When human eyes upon the record fall;
The faith of God we come to magnify:
His be the honour, His the glory all,
If we with good success shall live and die,
Fearing God's chastisements, we fear aright;
But them no vain fears wrap when forth they
dart;

We come to serve, not trespass in His sight,
Christians are ye, as Christians act your part.

Disappointment swallows up these high hopes. All indeed goes well in the first encounter with the Moors: their general, Muley, is taken prisoner by Ferdinand, though set free with romantic generosity, when his captor beholds him weeping for his absent and perhaps faithless ladye. But the small Christian army is surprised after its advance to Tangiers, by the combined forces of the kings of Fez and Morocco: hopelessly outnumbered, it gives way in spite of prodigies of valour performed by its leaders — one of whom, Don Ferdinand, instead of dying for the faith as he had wished, is constrained to yield his sword to the King of Fez. That monarch has a parley with Prince Henry, in which he bids him go to Portugal and return with full power to effect Ferdinand's release. Ceuta (so he bids him tell his royal brother) is the only ransom which will be accepted for the captive prince. "Tell him," says the prisoner significantly, "to see that he act in this calamity as a Christian king should." The full sense of these words appears later on. The tears by which they are accompanied, reveal in them to the discerning spectators Ferdinand's last farewell to freedom and to life.

In the second act, we are again at Fez, where the king treats his captive with great respect, and permits him the diversion of the chase. The Christian prisoners gather round him as their consolation and their hope, since they know of his intention to stipulate for their liberty along with his own. But dark forebodings oppress Ferdinand's mind as he awaits his brother's return; and he studies, as he says, in the captives' sorrows how to bear those misfortunes which he may one day feel himself. At length the expected ship approaches: its sails are black, and Prince Henry lands, himself in mourning weeds, and announces his royal brother's death; hastened by grief for his army's defeat and for Ferdinand's capture. His last thoughts have been directed to his brother's release; and

Henry bears a mandate for the surrender of Ceuta to the King of Fez, in exchange for his deliverance. But he has no sooner said so than Ferdinand interrupts his speech, and forbids him to execute his commission. "What!" he exclaims with indignation; "shall the king abandon to the Moors the city which he gained with his own blood? Is it an action fit for a Portuguese, a Catholic, a Christian, to let the Crescent eclipse in its churches the light of the true Sun? to suffer those temples which have been so solemnly consecrated to Christ to be turned once more into mosques? How can we answer for the souls of those Christian inhabitants of the place, who, with their children, may be perverted from the truth? Why sacrifice so many to one? And to whom? To a prince? That name perished when I was taken captive. A slave (and such I now am) has no rights beyond other men. I am civilly dead: then why destroy the living for my sake? Let me tear the paper which authorizes such a deed. Let not the world even know that a Portuguese king and nobles had ever such a purpose." With these words the prince destroys the warrant for the surrender of Ceuta, and bids his brother go home to report that he has left him buried in Africa. The captives have gained a fresh companion in sorrow; the King of Fez another slave. "Do you call yourself my slave, and yet refuse me obedience in the thing on which my heart is set?" rejoins the king; "then as a slave will I treat you. Do you despise death—nay, even desire it? then live a life than death more bitter." He gives the order,—and the prince is clothed in a slave's common dress, loaded with fetters, and set to work among the other (now hopeless) captives; while his brother is scornfully bidden to return to Portugal, and there tell the state in which he has seen him. Don Henry mournfully departs, intending to come back in arms for Ferdinand's deliverance. But meanwhile the noble captive's sufferings grow daily more intense. He bears them without a murmur, grieving chiefly for the sorrows which he has added to those of his companions in misfortune. One day as he labours in the king's gardens, the princess bids him gather her some flowers, which he presents to her as symbols of his own fast approaching fate, with these words, which form one of the sonnets occasionally scattered by Calderon among his dramas:—

These which, at early dawn's first brightness
waking,
Arose a gladness and an exultation,
Shall be at eve an empty lamentation,
In arms of chilly night their last sleep taking.
These tints, which vie with heaven in light out-
breaking,
Rainbows of gold, and snow, and red carna-
tion,
Shall teach us much in one day's brief duration
For short-lived man a warning picture making.
The roses sprang up early, fair to bloom;
But, as they bloomed, old age came on apace;
They, in one bud, their cradle found and tomb.
Even suchlike fortune waits the human race,
In one day to be born and die their doom;
For ages passed and hours leave self-same
trace.

There are still gleams of hope. Muley, grateful for Ferdinand's former kindness to him, wishes to plot his escape. But the generous prince refuses to expose him to his master's vengeance, and goes on suffering patiently.

When the third act begins (Calderon's plays only consist of three), that suffering is nearly at an end. Hunger, weariness, and ill-treatment have broken the strength, but not the spirit, of the Steadfast Prince. We hear how he lies, like Lazarus at the rich man's gates, before the king's palace, dying of a mortal disease; still attended, in spite of the king's prohibition, by two faithful friends. Like Sophocles in his "Philoctetes," Calderon dwells more here on the physical details of his hero's sufferings, which render him an object at once of horror and compassion to the beholders, than modern taste approves of. There is, however, this important difference, that whereas Philoctetes shrieks forth his own complaints, Ferdinand endures his anguish in silence. The lips of others report it to the king, in the vain hope of moving him to pity. He has just listened to the sad tale, and rejected his own daughter's entreaties for the noble prisoner's relief, when an ambassador is announced, who offers a rich ransom in gold, in place of the town which has been refused for Ferdinand's liberty. "Ceuta, or nothing," is the king's answer; and the ambassador, who is in truth the prisoner's nephew, Alphonso, the new King of Portugal, disguised as his own messenger, retires to hasten on the advance of his troops.

On the morning after his departure, the poor captives discharge their usual kind office of bearing Ferdinand forth into the sunshine from the wretched place where he has passed the night, before they hasten to their daily toil. Reduced

to the last degree of weakness, he sees the end of his sufferings now near at hand, and his accents are those not merely of resignation, but of thankfulness at having been permitted to endure so much for the glory of God.

Ferd. Lay me in this place reclining
To enjoy, in fulness poured,
Light that heaven distributes shining.
Infinite and tender Lord,
Thanks I owe Thee unrepining!
When, as I, Job wretched lay,
Cursed he of his birth the day;
But he meant to curse the sin
Whence his life did first begin.
I instead will bless each ray
Of the light which God bestows
For the grace that with it flows;
Unto Him, each sunbeam sent
(Brightness of His firmament)
Shall a fiery tongue disclose
Praise and thanks from me to send.

Brito. Is it well thus, lord, with thee?
Ferd. Better than I merit, friend! —
How Thy succour graciously
Thou, O Lord, to me dost lend!
From chill dungeon when they lift me,
Thou, to warm my frozen blood
With thy glorious sun dost gift me;
Bounteous art Thou, Lord, and good!

The captives leave him, much against their will, to perform their daily labour; his faithful friend, Juan, goes to look for food for him, now hardly to be obtained; Muley, the only person who dared to provide it in spite of the king's edict to the contrary, having been despatched to prepare an escort for the princess on her way to her intended marriage. Soon after the king is seen approaching with his train to feast his eyes on his victim's anguish; perhaps, too, with a lingering hope that it may at last have subdued his resolution. The contrast between the two reminds us of those which Sophocles loved to depict. The mighty king is powerless to shake his prisoner's steadfast will; the weak grasp of the dying man is strong enough to resist his tyrant's utmost efforts to wrest the Christian city from his hold. Only over this picture of antique heroism play lights from the eternal world. Ferdinand is not merely a brave man, withstanding injustice to the end. He is this because he is also a servant of God, who, having been appointed to glorify his Master by suffering rather than by acting for Him, has learned to rejoice in the task. To him has come that sacred thirst for martyrdom which led Ignatius of old to pant for the fierce wild beasts of the arena; he will ask for food because he knows that he has no

right to abridge his own sufferings by a single moment; he will implore the king to let him have the honour of actually shedding his last drops of blood for the faith; and then, when both requests are denied him, thankfully stretch out his hand for the last bitter cup,—ready even to kiss the cruel hand which presents it to him, as the unintentional opener of the gate of heaven.

The KING, after contemplating FERDINAND in silence.

Faith retained in this sad state,
Wretched and unfortunate,
Grieves, insults me more than all.
Master! Prince!

Brito. The King doth call.
Ferd. Me? thou sure dost err; of late
Neither Prince nor Master, nay,
But the corpse of both am I,
Which in earth long buried lay;
Prince and Master formerly, —
Neither is my name to-day.

The King. If not Prince nor Master, here
Answer me as Ferdinand.

Ferd. At that summons I appear,
Drag my frame, too weak to stand,
Here to kiss thy foot.

The King. My fear
Moves thee not; thus, bending low,
Mean'st thou to submit, or brave
My commandment?

Ferd. Thus I show
All the reverence which I owe
To my master as his slave.

At this point the structure of the verse changes; the linked sweetness of its peculiar rhyme is replaced by the ordinary Spanish ballad measure, the groundwork of Calderon's plays, as the choric ode is of those of Sophocles. With a bold disregard of probability, near two hundred lines are assigned to the dying man's speech: its earnest petition for death is prefaced by reflections on its certainty, which to us sound commonplace, and by a repetition of one truth under different and boldly imaginative metaphors, to appreciate which at all duly we must remember that they are not addressed to a matter-of-fact European mind, but to a semi-barbarian African despot. Ferdinand conjures the king to grant him the favour which he is about to implore, by the sacredness of that kingly office which can impart a certain consecration even to an unbaptized head. Kingship, he says, makes even brute creatures magnanimous. The lion will not tear an unresisting prey, the dolphin has rescued the shipwrecked, the eagle has been known to hinder the traveller from drinking of a poisoned spring, the pomegran-

ate (queen of fruits) will not let itself be made the vehicle for mischief without giving warning, the diamond (sovereign of the mineral kingdom) shivers at treason. He then proceeds :—

If then beasts and birds and fishes, plant and even lifeless stone,
Each, enthroned in office kingly, has a heart of pity shown,

Man, my lord, may show it; neither is thy differing creed a bar,

For each faith forbid's that cruel God's own work in man we mar.

Yet I would not move thy pity by my anguish and lament,

Life to gain by earnest pleading, ah! not such my words' intent.

For well know I that this sickness, which perturbing every thought

Through my limbs runs chill and faintly, unto me with death is fraught.

Well I know my wound is deadly, since my tongue no word can say

But the breath, like sharp sword cutting, forth in anguish finds its way.

Well I know that I am mortal, that no hour is safe to man,

And that wisdom, therefore, moulded of one substance and one plan,

Coffin in the cradle's likeness. Men when they receive a gift,

Hands held close together, this wise, by a natural gesture lift.

That same gesture, when it likes them gift received away to cast,

Still they use; their hands turned downward empty of their contents fast.

Thus the world at birth receives us, of its welcome giving sign,

Where 'twixt cradle-sides turned upward little children safe recline.

But when wrathful or disdainful it would fling us from its hold,

Then it turns its hands united the same shape reversed to mould,

Since what, upward turned, was cradle, downward turned becomes a tomb.

Close as this we live to death, even thus near our last strait room

To our cradle lies from birth-hour. Who hears this? what waits he for?

What shall he who knows this seek for? Past a doubt, for life no more;

Death, 'tis death for which I ask thee, that heaven so may gratify

My desire, long dearly cherished, for our Holy Faith to die:

Not despairing or life-wearied, nay, but longing life to give

As a righteous champion fighting for that faith by which we live.

And to yield both life and soul up unto God, an offering meet:

Thus my motive makes it blameless if for death I now entreat.

And if pity cannot bend thee, then let rigour. Lion, rise,

Render with mighty roar thy foeman, thus avenge thine injuries;

Eagle, with thy beak and talon, me, thy nest's despoiler, tear;

Dolphin of the world's sea, tempest to the seaman rash declare;

Royal tree, with branches leafless, show of God in storm the ire;

Diamond, turned to dust, burn in me, raging with envenomed fire:

Vainly all, for I, though greater torments suffering, greater pain,

Though more anguish, though more miseries yet to call my tears remain,

Though I bear more evil fortunes, greater hunger yet endure,

Clothed in rags, on dunghill seated, yet my faith I hold secure;

Faith, the sun which lights and guides me,—faith, my crown of laurel pure.

Ride in triumph, proud, insulting, o'er the Church that shalt thou never;

Over me, if so it likes thee, triumph on, but not for ever;

God, my cause, one day, uprising, shall, most surely, take in hand,

Since, though weak, His cause defending to my latest breath, I stand.

The king's answer is natural enough, from his own point of view. He replies :—

Canst thou boast, and consolation
In thy very sufferings find?
How then speak my condemnation,
If they stir not my compassion,
Stirring none in thine own mind?
Since thy death from thine own hand
Comes, and not from my command,
Hope not any help from me;
Pity first thyself, then see
How I pity, Ferdinand!

With these words the king departs. The court follow him, pitying, horrified, but not daring to give help. When they are gone Juan enters, bringing to his friend the bread which it has cost him cruel blows from the Moors to obtain.

Juan. Take it.
Ferd. Faithful friend, too late
Thou art come, for now my state
Draws to death.

Juan. High heaven, bestow
Comfort on me in such woe!

Ferd. But whereon doth death not wait?
Since man ever walks near death,
And in this perplexity
Must his own infirmity
Come one day to stop his breath.
Man beware! the sky beneath
Live not careless, truth pursue,
Endless time keep full in view,
Wait not till some other ill
Warn thee; surest far to kill
Is that weakness aye thy due.
Treading on the solid ground
Man perpetual movement makes,

And each footstep that he takes
Falls on his sepulchral mound.
Sentence, that may well confound
Every heart, it is to know
That each step must forward go,
And that onward step once taken
By stern law must stand unshaken,—
God Himself cannot say No.
Friends, mine end is coming fast;
Lift and bear me from this place.

Juan. This shall be my last embrace.

Ferd. Juan, hear one prayer,—my last;—
When my agony is past
Strip me of these rags unmeet,
Search the hut, our poor retreat,
For my order's mantle, long
Borne by me 'mid fighting throng,
Use it for my winding-sheet.
So inter me openly,
Should the king from wrath relent
And to burial-rites consent:
Mark the place; my hope is high
That, though captive here I die,
Ransomed I shall share one day
Prayers our priests at altars say;
For since I, my God, to Thee
Gave so many churches free
One to me Thou must repay.

[*They bear him out.*]

The next scene sets before us the disembarkation of Alphonso's army, ready to accomplish this last desire. But as yet they hope to save the living, not to bury the dead. Their first encounter is with the troops of the King of Morocco, and a mystic form appears to cheer them on. The new-made martyr is suffered, as a distinguished sign of heaven's approbation, to do for his native troops all that S. Iago was wont to do for the Spanish hosts. The more experienced Henry is striving to dissuade his nephew from too rash an advance against the Moors.

*Pr. H.** Do not forget that night,
The gloomy-shadowed, has day's chariot bright
In darkness hidden from our eyes away.

K. Al. Then in the dark begin the affray;
Hearkening to faith's clear call,
No force, no season shall my heart appal.
If, Ferdinand, thy pangs, borne with intent
To honour God, thou unto Him present,
Sure is our victory,—

The glory His, the honour mine to be.

Pr. H. Pride may thy prudence mar.

FERDINAND (*heard from within*).

Attack them, brave Alphonso! on to war!

[*A trumpet sounds.*]

K. Al. Heard'st thou a muffled cry
Piercing the winds which sad and swift sweep
by?

Pr. H. Yes. And I likewise heard
Trumpets, that to an instant onset stirred.

* Calderon's poetic feeling here guides him to an alteration in the structure of his verse, well qualified to express martial resolution, and to prepare the mind for the solemn awe of the coming apparition.

K. Al. Let us set on them, Henry, undismayed,
Not doubting of Heaven's help.

FERDINAND (*appears in the mantle of his order, holding a torch.*)

Yes: Heaven will aid.

For God's high favour gained

By zeal, devotion, and by faith unstained,

To-day thy cause defends;

To set me free from chains He succour sends,

And by mysterious ways,

My many churches with one church repays:

I with this torch am sent

Clear-shining, lit at fountain orient,

Ever to march before

And light thine army till the strife is o'er,

And thou before Fez stand

Victorious to thy wish, and reach thy hand

Not where the sun-rise glows to crown thy head,

But thence to free the ashes of the dead.

Thus encouraged, the Portuguese army attack and defeat the enemy.

Meantime, within the walls of Fez, to which they swiftly advance, Don Juan bears the dead prince in his open coffin into the old king's presence, who, enraged at the final loss of Ceuta, takes such vengeance as he can by sentencing the corpse to remain unrestored, unburied, and exposed to the insults of the passers-by. But scarcely has he proclaimed this barbarous determination, when the approach of the Christian soldiers is announced by their drums; and the King of Fez, summoned to a parley, beholds with horror from his battlements his daughter and his intended son-in-law in the power of the victorious army. Just before the king's appearance, the mystic form, whose saintly protection has led the army swiftly and surely to its desired end, disappears from sight as the sun rises, with these words:—

FERDINAND (*torch in hand*).

I have guided thee in safety

Through the horror of night's darkness

By a path which no man knows;

Now by sunrise mists are parted.

Thou hast marched to Fez a conqueror,

Great Alphonso! by me guarded;

Lo, there stands the wall of Fez,—

There to treat my ransom hasten.

[*Vanishes.*]

Uncertain as to the vision's meaning, Alphonso proposes an exchange of prisoners, threatening the princess with death if it is refused. Her father answers sadly that it is no longer practicable: the noble hostage for his daughter's life is dead, and he must prepare to see her blood flow to revenge him.

The Christian king's reply is worthy of his great kinsman:—

King of Fez, lest thou imagine
 Ferdinand even dead, with rarest
 Beauty matched in sight, less precious,
 For his corpse I here exchange her.
 Hasten, therefore, and send to us
 Cold snow for this crystal's sparkle,
 January for May's sunshine,
 Faded rose for diamond's flashes,
 A dead form in death unhappy
 For a godlike shape of fairness.

The king, surprised and delighted, has the coffin lowered down the walls, releases his other prisoners, and hastens below to receive his daughter, and to thank her generous captor. The two princes embrace their martyred kinsman with awe and veneration. The King of Portugal praises Juan's fidelity to the dead, receiving for answer:—

Juan. Till he departed
 I stood by him, nor forsook him
 Till he freedom gained; I guarded
 Both in life and death his body,—
 Look, there lies he.

K. Alphonso (turning to the corpse).
 Uncle, grant me
 Thy dear hand; for, though unknowing
 All too late I came to save thee,
 Yet in death is proof of friendship.
 I, to place—a trust most sacred—
 In a stately high cathedral
 Thy blest precious relics, hasten.

Then the sad procession forms. The young king places himself at its head, after first stipulating for the marriage of the restored princess with the general who had been honoured by the martyr's friendship; the captives carry their dead liberator's coffin forward, and the soldiers follow with arms reversed, and muffled drums sounding.

Thus, like the close of the "Antigone," the conclusion of "The Steadfast Prince" satisfies the claims of poetic justice. The proud oppressor is bowed down to bend low before his victim's bier, and left in humiliation and defeat. But Calderon's justice is here tempered with mercy as that of Sophocles is not. The stroke which abases the pride of the African tyrant is nothing to the series of crushing blows which descend on the Theban ruler. No cheerful note mixes with the hopeless lamentations which resound through the house of Creon; but the Steadfast Prince's funeral march has an undersong of gladness from the captives whom he has rescued, and the faithful pair of lovers whom he has united in his death. And this gleam of light, shot through that gloomy cloud in the one play, which in the other remains unperturbed to the end, is the symbol

of the most essential difference between this ancient and this modern presentment of an act of self-devotion: it is, as it were, a ray from that Light of Life and Immortality which the one possesses and the other does not. Otherwise through all the vast diversities which these two dramas exemplify,—the opposition between medieval Christendom and antique Paganism, in politics, in art, in the domestic relations and in religion, the different conceptions of dramatic art on which they proceed, and the vast inequality in genius of the men by whom those conceptions are here embodied,—the central thought of these two productions of such differing eras and such diverse powers is nevertheless the same, and their resemblances, even in minor points most striking. Each concentrates our interest on one noble sufferer, presented to us by no complex delineation full of light and shade, but in grand and simple outline. The protagonists of each are absorbed in one high mission which leaves no room in their hearts for the free play of human affection; for when Antigone first stands before us, she has ceased to have any concern with the gods of the living *—Love among the rest: and Ferdinand shows amid Calderon's crowd of amorous cavaliers like a new Sir Galahad, who could say as truly as his prototype—

All my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:
 I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill;
 So keep I fair through faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

Both, by dying for the highest truth they know, impress on the spectators the ennobling lesson that there are things which are better worth having than life; things losing which a generous mind finds life even intolerable. Each of these two plays is pervaded by the spirit of the second of Goethe's "Three Reverences;" exhibiting as it does to us a weakness which is stronger than mortal strength, a pain which is better than earthly pleasure. Both tragedies witness to man's instinctive anxiety about the fate of the dying mansion of his undying spirit: for Antigone gives her own life to secure funeral honours to her brother; Ferdinand's last desire is for burial in a Christian church. But here we encounter the contrast be-

* Soph., Ajax, 590.

tween a Pagan's uncertainty and a Christian's certainty. Antigone can only hope to smooth her brother's passage to the land where he can, after all, but "move among shadows a shadow and wail by impassable streams." But the Steadfast Prince expects the prayer of the faithful at the altar to remove the last interposing barriers between himself and the Vision of God. Accordingly the one is sad and desponding, where the other is hopeful and exulting. Antigone goes to death mourning —

Emptied of all joy,
Leaving the dance and song.

Ferdinand gladly meets a fate from which an ancient hero would have recoiled as from a degradation :

Not with cleaving of shields
And their clash in thine ear
When the lord of fought fields
Breaketh spear-shaft from spear,
Thou art broken, our lord, thou art broken,
with travail, and labour, and fear.

Not from his lips comes the cry, so natural to a dying sufferer who only knew one kind of heroism —

I would that in clamour of battle my hands
had laid hold upon death;

for he well knows that he has fought a harder fight and gained a nobler victory, than those he came to seek. And when all is over, Antigone vanishes into silence : we strain eye and ear for a token that her offering has been an acceptable one, and only dim and uncertain indications struggle back to us through the gloom ; but we are permitted to follow Ferdinand's noble spirit, freed from the burden of the flesh, into the realms of light, up to his place among those champions of the faith who rest from their labours on the thrones of the Church triumphant.

Thus dramatists exemplify the "irony of fate" in their own persons as well as in those of their tragedies. The almost superhuman genius of Sophocles has less divine material laid before it than the more ordinary mind of Calderon, who is permitted to exhibit his characters with a background of infinity which the grander personages of the other lack. And Shakespeare, with more than the genius of Sophocles, with a purer religion than Calderon, lacks the score of years so liberally bestowed on common men, and dies at Stratford before he can approach the most supreme of the themes of dra-

matic art. Had he lived longer and girded himself to the task, how might his work have illustrated the saying of his contemporary Bacon, that "man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not attain" ! How might the principal personage of his "act of self-devotion," religious and constant as the Steadfast Prince, grand and majestic as Antigone, have proved to us the truth of that other saying of Bacon's : "A mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolours of death ; but, above all, believe it, the sweetest cantic is 'Nunc dimittis,' when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations !"

From *The Graphic*.
INNOCENT:

A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "SALEM CHAPEL,"
"THE MINISTER'S WIFE," "SQUIRE ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

A LOVE TALE.

I AM obliged at this moment to interrupt the history of Innocent's entrance into English life by the intrusion of another event which occurred quite suddenly, and without adequate preparation, a few days after the arrival of the traveller, and which threw Innocent for the moment altogether into the shade. It was not a deeply premeditated event, as perhaps it ought to have been, aiming as it did at such very important results, and affecting two lives in so momentous a way. On this particular afternoon there had been a flood of visitors at the Elms, such as now and then occurs without rhyme or reason — every acquaintance the Eastwoods possessed seeming to be moved by a unanimous impulse. From two o'clock until five the callers kept pouring in. On ordinary occasions one or two a day kept the house lively ; this was one of those accidental floods which obey, as philosophers tell us, some fantastic law of their own, like the number of undirected letters put into the post-office. Two gentlemen arrived among the latest, both of whom had hoped to find the ladies alone, and who grinned and shook hands with each other, and told each other the news with the most delightful amiability, though their inter-

nal emotions were less sweet. They arrived together, and as the room was still tolerably full, they became each other's companions, and stood in a corner talking with the most confidential aspect, after they had shaken hands with Mrs. Eastwood. Nelly was at the other extremity of the room, at the door-window which opened into the conservatory, talking to Sir Alexis Longueville, a man with a rent-roll as long as his name, whom both the gentlemen I have mentioned regarded with unfavourable feelings.

"What do you suppose people see in that old ass, Molyneux," said Major Railton, "that everybody kootos to him?"

"His money," said Molyneux, sententiously; and for ten minutes more these gentlemen crushed Sir Alexis under their heels as it were, and ground him into powder, though no feminine spite could be involved in their proceedings. He was not an old ass. He was a cynical middle-aged man of the world, who, notwithstanding his romantic name, had sustained a great many prosaic batterings and fierce encounters with the world. He had come to his fortune after his youth was over, and after he had learned to think badly enough of most people about him, an opinion which was not altered by the great social success he had when he reappeared as Sir Alexis, after a somewhat obscure and not much respected career as Colonel Longueville. It was now generally understood that this hero, the worse for the wear, was disposed to marry, and indeed was on the outlook for a suitable person to become Lady Longueville; a fact which his kind but vulgar sister Mrs. Barclay, who had married a millionaire, made known wherever she was received. He was "looking for a wife." Major Railton and Mr. Molyneux in their corner were both aware of this fact, and both of them were extremely bitter upon Mrs. Eastwood for allowing him, as she did quite placidly, to stand talking to Nelly "for hours," as Mr. Molyneux expressed it afterwards.

"What a pity that the best of women should be so mercenary!" he said to his companion.

"They will give anything for a handle to their names," said the misanthropical Major, stroking his moustache, with discomfiture in his countenance. He had come with an estimate in his pocket for the work that had to be done at the stables, and had calculated on an hour at least of confidential talk.

And Nelly stood and talked to Sir

Alexis, pointing out to him quite eagerly the different flowers that thrust their pretty heads against the glass, peering into the room. He knew about flowers. This innocent taste reigned strangely in his cynical bosom among many other inclinations much less praiseworthy. He laughed with Nelly over their Latin names, and told her stories about them and about his conservatories at Longueville. Perhaps he was not aware of the reckless way in which he was laying himself open to the remarks of the young men in the room, who did not leave him a shred of reputation to cover him, as they stood behind snarling to each other, and united in a common enmity. He was more amusing than either of them, and though he had no particular designs upon Nelly, he liked her fresh young face, and her interest in all that he said. Perhaps, too, a man who is aware of all the advantages of the youth which he has outlived, has a pleasure in proving himself more entertaining than younger men. He detained Nelly, and Nelly was not unwilling to be detained. She had perceived the entrance of the two at the end of the room, and rather, I fear, enjoyed their gloomy looks; or rather, she thought nothing whatever about Major Railton, but was guiltily glad to see the gloom on the countenance of young Molyneux.

"It will teach him to be full five days without calling," she said to herself. She had not acknowledged even to herself that she was in love with young Molyneux, but she had an inward conviction that he was in love with her, and on the whole liked him for it. Is it not always a sign of good taste at least? Therefore she stood and talked to Sir Alexis, looking up brightly in his face, till he, who had no designs that way, was half subjugated, and asked himself suddenly whether Nelly Eastwood would not do? which was going a very long way. Time, however, and Mrs. Barclay's horses, could not wait for ever, and at last the baronet was borne away.

"Come to me soon, Nelly, dear, and finish what you have begun," said that lady, whispering, in her ear, as she took leave. Finish what she had begun! Nelly had no idea what she could mean.

By this time most of the visitors were gone, and Nelly, after a few minutes' talk with the pair at the other end of the room, proceeded to execute some business which she had been kept from doing before. "I am sure Major Railton and Mr. Molyneux will excuse me," she said,

"but I must get my primroses now before any one else comes in —"

"I don't think you will find any," said Mrs. Eastwood, making her a sign to stay. But it was getting dark, and Nelly, who was perverse, pretended not to understand. Any pleasure she might have in the society of one of the two was neutralized by the presence of both, and perhaps there was even a thought in her mind that a young lover might take heart of grace and follow. In the conservatory her white-furred jacket and little flower basket were lying on a chair. Before she could throw on the wrap Molyneux had joined her. "I think Railton has some business to talk about," he said aloud, with a slight nod of concealed triumph to his adversary; "May I come upon the flower-gathering expedition? Gathering flowers by moonlight has quite a poetical sound."

"It is too cold to be poetical," said Nelly. There had been just enough between this girl and boy to give them both a thrill of the heart when they went, out of sight and hearing, into the stillness of the garden, where, indeed, to tell the truth, few primroses were as yet to be found. It was one of those lovely nights of early spring which sometimes succeed a boisterous day. The wind had fallen with the evening. The sky in the west was still full of colour, a pink flush extending far into the blue. The gorgeous sunset clouds had broken up, but this great rose-tinted pavilion still stood, spreading out its film of lovely colour over the house. On the garden side there was a stretch of clear sky, untinged by this dispersing veil of glory; clear, somewhat cold, pale, and luminous, with one star set in the midst of it; and, separated from this blue bit of heaven by billows of fleecy cloud, a soft, clear, young moon in her first quarter. It was cold, but to think of cold was impossible with such a heaven above them — impossible, at least, for these two, who were young, and who were together. They went along under the trees for some time without saying anything, except a little exclamation about the beauty of the sky.

"I am tired," said Nelly, at length; "I am so glad it is over. Calls are the stupidest of all things. If people would come in in the evening, as they do abroad — but English people will never understand."

"Your visitors were not all stupid, I think," said Molyneux, warming with the heat of combat.

"Oh no; Sir Alexis, for instance, was very amusing," said Nelly, feeling by instinct what was coming, and defying her fate.

"You seemed to think so," said the young man, with the loftiest tone of disinterested comment.

"And indeed I did think so; he is excellent company," said the girl.

Thus the first parallels of warfare were opened. The pair went on quite beyond the bit of lawn where the primroses grew, and the red in the west stretched out as if to cover them, and the moon in the east looked down as if it were hanging over some battlement of heaven to watch. Nelly's delicate nostrils had dilated a little with a sense of coming battle, and as for Molyneux, he held his head high like a war horse.

"Yes, I am aware that ladies take that view sometimes; he is not popular among men," he said, with lofty calm.

"I suppose men are jealous of him," said Nelly. "Oh dear, yes, men are very jealous of each other. If you think a girl can have been out two seasons without perceiving that —"

"I am sorry we should have given you such a bad opinion of us. I am at a loss to understand," said Mr. Molyneux solemnly, "what kind of creature the man could be who would be jealous of an old *roué* like Longueville. His character is too well known among men, I assure you, Miss Eastwood, to make any such feeling possible."

Nelly coloured with pride and shame. "He ought to have a label on him, then, to warn the ignorant. Not knowing what his crimes are, I cannot judge him; he is very amusing, that is all I know."

"And that, of course, makes up for everything; and when any one ventures to warn you, Miss Eastwood, instead of listening, you turn your displeasure against the unfortunate man who feels it on his conscience —"

"Mr. Molyneux," cried Nelly, quickly, interrupting him, "I don't know what right one gentleman, whom Mamma knows, has to warn me against another. Mamma is the person to be spoken to if there is really anything to say."

Thus the quarrel flashed and fizzed to the point of explosion; and what would have happened — whether they would have been driven apart in fragments, and their budding romance blown into dust and ruin in the ordinary course of events, had Molyneux responded in the same tone, I cannot say; but there are re-

sources at the command of lovers which are not open to the general public. He did not go on in the same tone. He became suddenly lachrymose, as young men in love are permitted to be on occasion.

"Miss Eastwood," he said dolefully, "there have been times when I have ventured to think that you would not quite place me on the same level with the last new-comer —"

"Oh, no," said Nelly, with compunction, "I beg your pardon, that was not what I meant. We have known you a long time, Mr. Molyneux, and I am sure have always looked upon you as—a friend."

"Well, as—a friend," he said, in the same pathetic tone, "might I not be allowed to say something when I saw that you were being deceived? Dear Miss Eastwood, could I stand by, do you think, knowing all I do of you, and see a man making his way into your esteem under false pretences?"

"Making his way into my esteem!" cried Nelly with frank laughter. "Please don't be so solemn. You can't think surely for a moment that I *cared* for that old Sir Alexis!"

"You are quite sure you don't?" cried the lover brightening up.

"Sure! Now didn't I say it was all jealousy?" cried Nelly, laughing; but when she had said the words she perceived the meaning they might bear, and blushed violently, and stopped short, as people in embarrassing circumstances constantly do.

"You are quite right, as you always are," said Molyneux, stopping too, and putting himself directly in front of her. If it were not that the women who are being proposed to are generally too much agitated to perceive it, a man about to propose has many very funny aspects. Young Molyneux placed himself directly in Nelly's way; he stood over her, making her withdraw a step in self-defence. His face became long, and his eyes large. He put out his hands, to take hers, if he could have got them. "Yes, you are right," he said, more lachrymose than ever; "you are always right. I should be jealous of an angel if he came too near you. I am jealous of everybody. Won't you say something? Won't you give me your hand? I don't care for anything in the world but you, or without you."

"Mr. Molyneux!" cried Nelly, drawing a little back, with her heart beating and her cheeks burning, in the soft, starry twilight. He had got her hands

somehow, in spite of her, and was advancing closer and closer. How unforeseen and unintended it all was! Neither of them had meant anything half-an-hour ago of this tremendous character. But Molyneux by this time felt sure that his life depended upon it, and that he had thought of nothing else for ages; and Nelly's heart beat so loud that she thought it must be heard half-a-mile off, and feared it would leap away from her altogether. Their voices grew lower and lower, their shadows more confused in the young moonlight, which made at the most but a faint outline of shadow. There grew to be at last only a murmur under the bare branches, all knotted with the buds of spring, and only one blot of shade upon the path, which was softly whitened by that poetic light. This happened in the Lady's Walk, which was on the other side of the lawn from the elm trees, narrower, and quite arched and overshadowed with branches. The pink had scarcely gone out of the sky overhead, and the one star was still shining serenely in its luminous opening, when the whole business was over. You might have been in the garden without seeing, and, certainly, without hearing; but then matters were delightfully arranged for such interviews in the leafy demesne of the elms.

"Oh, dear! I have forgotten my primroses," said Nelly, "and what will they think of us indoors?"

"Never mind; Railton has been very busy talking to your mother about bricks and slates," said Molyneux, with a laugh of irrepressible triumph. They both laughed, which was mean of Nelly.

"Oh, hush! What has poor Major Railton to do with it?" she said. She was leaning against a lime tree, a spot which she always remembered. It was cold, but neither of them felt it. Nelly's little toes were half frozen, and she did not mind.

"Look! all the sunset is dying away," said Molyneux. "It would not go, Nelly, till it knew how things were going to turn out. 'Go not, happy day, from the shining fields —'"

"Don't talk nonsense—you should say, from the sodden lawn," said Nelly. "Let us get the primroses now, or what can I say to Mamma?"

"We shall both have a great deal to say to her. She will never once think of the primroses, Nelly."

"Oh, don't call me 'Nelly' so loud; some one will hear you. Must we go and

tell directly?" said the girl, with a half whimper, which the foolish young man thought celestial. This to be said by Nelly, a girl who had never in all her life kept a secret half-an-hour from her mother! The fact was that she wanted to have the telling herself, and quaked at the thought of presenting this ardent personage to her mother, and probably having her dignity compromised before that mother's very eyes by "some of his nonsense." Nelly was very shy, and half ashamed of coming into the light and looking even her wooer himself in the face.

There were but a very few primroses, and these were half frozen, cowering among their leaves. Young Molyneux carried away a little cluster of them, and gave another to Nelly, which was not placed in her basket, and then they made another final round of the garden, and walked down the elm-tree avenue solemnly arm in arm. How quickly the mind gets accustomed to any revolution! This little concluding processional march threw them years in advance of the more agitating contiguity of the Lady's Walk.

"This is how we shall walk about everywhere ten years hence, when we are sober old married people," he said; and there glanced over the imaginations of both a sudden picture, which both would have been sadly disconcerted to have described. A little tremulous laugh went from one to the other. How much emotion that cannot express itself otherwise has vent in such soft laughter? And a sense of the calm of happiness to come so different from this delightful dream of the beginning, yet issuing naturally from it, stole over them and stilled their young hearts.

This was what was going on in the garden while Major Railton, not without many a horrible thought of his rival's advantages, was talking bricks and slates, as Molyneux flippantly said, to Mrs. Eastwood. They had come to the length of a pipe and water-butt for the rain water, and the plumber's estimate, when Nelly and Molyneux were gathering the primroses. How the gallant Major's heart was being torn asunder in the midst of those discussions, I dare not attempt to describe. He had seated himself so that he could see into the garden; but the flicker of the firelight filled the room, and the Lady's Walk was invisible from the windows.

"Don't you think Miss Eastwood will catch cold? There is an east wind, I

fear," he said, in the very midst of the discussion about the plumber.

"I told Nelly to wrap herself up," said Mrs. Eastwood, calmly. She was not afraid of the east wind. The Eastwoods had never been known to have any delicacy about the chest. And as for a more serious danger, Nelly's mother, secure in full possession of her child, had not even begun to think of that.

She was scarcely alarmed even when the two entered, somewhat flushed and embarrassed, as soon as Major Railton, who, poor man, had an engagement, had withdrawn, breathing fire and flame.

"What a colour you have, Nelly," said Mrs. Eastwood, innocently. "I suppose it is the wind. The Major tells me the wind is in the east. You should not have stayed out so long. Come to the fire and warm yourselves, both of you. I see you have got no primroses after all."

"There were none," said Nelly, guiltily, putting her hand over the little cluster in her belt. "It is too cold for them; but I don't think I ever was out on such a lovely night."

"You have no idea how beautiful it is," said young Molyneux—and then he took his leave in the most embarrassed way. When he clutched one of her hands and held it fast, and groped in the dark for the other, Nelly thanked heaven in mingled fright and gratitude that she had put a stop to his intention of at once telling her mother. What might he not have done before Mrs. Eastwood's very eyes?

"But Nelly," said the mother, when he was gone, "you should not have stayed so long out of doors. I don't want to be absurd, or to put things into your head; but Ernest Molyneux is quite a young man, and very nice-looking, and just the sort of person to have stories made up about him—and really what object you could both have, wandering about on a cold night, except chatter and nonsense—"

Nelly was kneeling before the fire, warming her cold little fingers. At this address she sidled up to her mother's side and put her flushed cheek down on Mrs. Eastwood's silken lap, and began with the most coaxing and melting of voices—

"Mamma!"

It is not to be wondered at if an event like this happening quite suddenly and unexpectedly in an innocent young house which had not yet begun to afflict itself with love-stories should for the moment

have eclipsed everything, and put the strange inmate and all the circumstances of her first appearance at once into the shade.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONSULTATIONS.

THE commotion produced in The Elms by the above event was very great. It was the first experience of the family in this kind of thing, and it affected everybody, from Mrs. Eastwood down to the kitchen-maid. Frederick was perhaps the least moved of all. He intimated it as his opinion that Molyneux was all right seeing that he had a father before him: that he wondered at Nelly's taste, but supposed it was her own look-out, and if she was pleased no one had any right to interfere. He made his speech rather disagreeable to his sister from the little shrug of the shoulders with which he announced his surprise at her taste; but otherwise he was friendly enough. Dick, for his part, said little, but he walked round her with a certain serious investigation in the intervals of his studies.

"You look exactly as you did yesterday; I can't see any difference," said Dick. "Why don't you put on another kind of gown, or pin Molyneux's card on you, to show you are disposed of?"

To this, however, Nelly paid no more attention than she did to the comments of Winks, who came and wagged his tail at her in a knowing, good-humoured sort of way. When Molyneux came to see Mrs. Eastwood next morning, Winks met him at the door, escorted him to the dining-room, where he was to have his audience, and then trotted in on three legs to where Nelly was sitting, and wagged his tail confidentially. "A very good fellow, on the whole, I assure you," he said as plainly as could be said by that medium of communication.

Nelly did not sit in awful suspense while her lover was unfolding himself to her mother. She knew that mother well enough to be sure that nothing untoward would come in the course of her true love. But she awaited their coming with a certain importance and expectation. They had a long conversation in the dining-room, longer perhaps than Nelly approved. Mr. Molyneux had a great deal to say to Mrs. Eastwood. No one could be less disposed to "repent at leisure" after the hot haste of his declaration, but yet it is very probable, had he had time to think, that he would have decided on the pru-

dence of waiting longer. When it occurred to him that he must tell Mrs. Eastwood that he was earning nothing, but lived on the allowance his father gave him, it made the young man uncomfortably hot and nervous. He avoided the mother's eye as he told this part of the story, dwelling much upon what he would do in the future, and his eagerness to provide for Nelly "all the comforts she had been used to." Mrs. Eastwood, though she was not a woman of business, knew enough about the world to shake her head at this. She was very well inclined to Molyneux, both for his own sake and for Nelly's. He was good-looking, well-mannered, and always nicely behaved to herself, which naturally has a certain influence upon a mother. And his connections were all that could be wished. Mr. Molyneux, Q.C., who was recognized by everybody as going to be Mr. Justice Molyneux at the very first vacancy, was perfectly satisfactory as a father-in-law for Nelly, and would secure for Nelly's family a comfortable certainty of being well-lawyered all their lives. And they were "nice people;" there was, on the whole nothing in the world to be said against Mrs. Molyneux, Ernest's mother, or the Misses Molyneux, his sisters. But, nevertheless, as it is strictly necessary for a young couple to have something to live on, Mrs. Eastwood shook her head.

"Nelly has five thousand pounds," she said, "but with my boys to place out in the world, I shall not be able to give her any more, and that is not much to depend upon. And, as a matter of principle, I don't like to see young people depending upon allowances from their fathers and mothers — unless it might be an eldest son, with landed property coming to him. I don't think it is the right way."

Molyneux was rather surprised at this display of wisdom. He thought some one must have put it into her head. He had meant to slur over his want of income in his interview with the mother, as he could not have done with a father. And then Mrs. Eastwood was so "jolly," so good natured, and kind, that he did not expect his position to be regarded as involving any want of principle. It must not be supposed, however, that the young man had any intention of deceiving, or that he was aware of having done wrong in obeying his impulse, and hastening by so many weeks or months his explanation with Nelly. Yet he felt that but for that overwhelming impulse it might have been prudent to have postponed the explanation; and now he re-

ceived a sudden check, and for a moment experienced the sensations of a man who has been proceeding on false pretences, and did not know what to say.

"I am afraid you will think I have been premature," he said. "The fact is, I should have made my way first before I ventured—but then, Mrs. Eastwood, you must make allowances for me, and recollect that to see Nelly often, and yet to continue quite prudent and master of myself—"

"But you need not have seen Nelly quite so often," said Mrs. Eastwood with a smile.

"Supposing I had stayed away, what should you have thought of me? That I was a despicable fellow laying myself out to please her, and then running away when I thought I had gone too far."

"I don't think I should have thought anything of the kind," said Mrs. Eastwood, in that easy way which is so disconcerting to people who feel that the eyes of the world ought to be upon them. "I should have thought you were occupied, or had other engagements. Indeed, until Nelly told me last night, I never had distinctly identified you as being fond of her, Mr. Molyneux. No doubt it was my stupidity, but I should not have remarked it; I don't know whether she might have done so."

Molyneux felt considerably crushed by this calm and tolerant judgment, but he went on.

"You may be sure this state of things won't last," he said; "I have a motive now, and I shall set to work. Of course I cannot press for an early marriage, as I should otherwise have done had I been wise, and made my preparations first—"

"No, of course not," said Mrs. Eastwood. This gave her great pleasure, practically, but theoretically I am obliged to confess that she half despised her future son-in-law for his philosophy. It was quite right, and relieved her mind from a load. But still a woman likes her child to be wooed hotly, and prefers an impatient lover, unwilling to wait. Such an one she would have talked to and reasoned down into patience, but, theoretically, she would have liked him the best.

"You will not oppose me?" said Molyneux, taking her hand; "you will be a good mother to me, and let me see Nelly, and be a sort of new son, to make up to me for having to wait? You are always good, to everybody—you won't keep me at arm's length?"

"No," said Mrs. Eastwood, "I won't

keep you at arm's length, for that would be to punish Nelly; but I think you should not have spoken till your prospects were a little more clear."

"They are clear enough," said the anxious lover. "It is only that I have been idle, and wanted energy; but now no man can have a stronger motive—"

Mrs. Eastwood shook her head again, but she smiled likewise, and gave him her hand, and even permitted a filial salute, which reddened her comely cheek, and softened her heart to Nelly's betrothed. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it was permissible for a man to be imprudent. Molyneux spent the rest of the day in and about the Elms, appearing and disappearing, hanging about Nelly, disturbing all the household arrangements, and communicating to the visitors premature information as to what had happened. Not that he made any confidences, but that his mere presence there all the afternoon, his look of possession and triumph, the little air of being at home, which the young man could not resist taking upon himself, told the tale more clearly than words. Mrs. Barclay ran in "just for a moment," as she said, to beg Nelly to go with her next day to a Horticultural show, and "finish what you have begun, you little puss," she whispered in the girl's ear. "What have I begun?" Nelly asked, bewildered, while Molyneux, without any assignable reason, was so rude as to burst out laughing in his enjoyment of the joke. He put Mrs. Barclay into her carriage as if he had been the son of the house, she said afterwards, a proceeding which sent her away with a certain vague disquiet and resentment, though of course, as she allowed, she had no right to interfere. Major Railton, too, when he called about the plumber's work, was infinitely disgusted to find Molyneux there, and to leave him there, when, after long waiting, he was obliged to relinquish the hope of out-staying his rival. "I must go," he said at length, in tart and ill-tempered tones, "for, alas! I am not so lucky as you young fellows with nothing to do. I have my duties to attend to." This was a poisoned arrow, and struck the whole happy group, mother, daughter, and lover, with equal force.

"I am sure, Major Railton, you are an example to us all," said Mrs. Eastwood; "always so ready to serve others, and yet with so much of your own work to do. But I hope Mr. Molyneux has his duties, too."

"Yes, I have my duties," said the lover,

in his insolent happiness turning a beaming countenance upon the unsuccessful one. It was growing dark, and he was so impertinent as to give a little twitch to Nelly's sleeve in the obscurity, under Major Railton's very eyes; who did not, indeed, see this flaunting in his face of his adversary's banner, but felt that there was some bond unrevealed which joined the three before him in a common cause. He went away in a state of irritation for which he could not have given any just reason, and tore the plumber's estimate to pieces when he emerged from the shrubbery in front of the Elms. Mrs. Eastwood had not taken kindly even to his plumber. She had stood by a certain old Sclater, an old jobbing Scotsman, for whom she had a national partiality.

"Why should I bother myself about their concerns? Let them get Molyneux to look after things," the Major said to himself with scorn that transcended all other expression; and he laughed what is sometimes described in literature as a "hollow laugh" of bitterness and sarcasm.

Indeed, I think Major Railton was right, and that Molyneux's supervision of the roofs and water-butts would have come to very little good.

It had been resolved in the family that nothing was to be said about the engagement for the present, as it would in all probability be a long one; and this was how they began to carry out their resolution. I do not need to add that the servants knew it the first evening, and had already settled where the young people were to live, and what sort of an establishment they would keep up. Winks, too, was aware of the fact from the first, and, as I have said, was confidentially humorous about it with Nelly, and kept up her courage during the interview between her mother and her lover. But, notwithstanding all we have been hearing lately about the communications made by dogs to their friends, I do not think he spread the news out of doors, or if he did whisper it to a crony, that crony was discreet.

On Saturday, which was the day following, Jenny came up from Eton to spend the Sunday with his adoring family. Jenny was extremely unlike his name—a big and bony boy of sixteen, promising to be the biggest of the family, though neither Frederick nor Dick were short. He had big joints and long limbs, and red wrists and prodigious knuckles projecting from the short sleeve of his coat.

But notwithstanding so many appearances against him, he was the most intellectual of Mrs. Eastwood's sons—a "sap" at school, and addicted to reading away from school, a fashion of Eton boy with which the world is not familiar. By way of making up for this, he was somewhat rough in his manners, and great in such exercises as demanded strength rather than skill. He was tremendous at football, though no one gave him the credit for clever play; and though his "form" was bad, and precluded all hope of "the boats," he could carry a skiff along at a pace which no one could keep up with, and against the stream was the greatest oar of his years afloat on Thames. In consideration of these qualifications the youth of Eton graciously looked over his "sapping," or rather were vaguely impressed by it—as, to do him justice, the modern schoolboy generally is when intellectual power is combined with the muscular force of which he has a clearer understanding. Jenny was not yet a "swell," but he was in a fair way for being a swell—a title which at Eton bears a very different meaning from its meaning elsewhere. But he was very good to his family when he went home, and tolerant of their ignorance. Jenny's name in the school list was all starred and ribboned, so to speak, with unknown orders of merit, such as the profane eye comprehends not. He had a big Roman letter before his name, and a little Greek one after it, and a double number after that—mystic signs of honours which the Eton man understands, but which I will not attempt to explain. It might have been confusing to a more mature intellect to contemplate all the novelties which were to dawn upon him on this visit; but Jenny was not emotional. He shook hands with his brother-in-law who was to be, with extreme composure.

"I suppose they have told you," said Mr. Molyneux, good-humouredly permitting himself to be inspected by this big boy.

"Yes, they have told me," said Jenny, "but I knew you before."

"You did not know me in my present capacity. Indeed, I am not generally known in my present capacity," said Molyneux; "and I don't quite see why you should have been told. You would never have found out."

"Oh, shouldn't I!" said Jenny. "Last time I was at home, I said, 'He's going to be Mr. Nelly, that fellow;' didn't I, Mamma? Of course you are Mr. Nelly.

Women don't get half justice in this world. I like her better than you, as a matter of course; so that's your distinction to me."

"Jenny goes in for Women's Rights," said his mother, with a smile.

"Of course I do: I'm a woman's son; oughtn't I to stand up for them? If you mean to tell me old Brownlow there has more sense than my mother, I tell you you're a fool, that's all. Nor Frederick hasn't — not half so much — though he thinks himself such a swell," said Jenny.

In point of negatives, boys, however learned in Greek and Latin, permit themselves occasionally, in English, a style of their own.

"I don't want a vote, you silly boy," said Mrs. Eastwood; "it is not in my way."

"You may please yourself about that — but it's a disgrace to England that you shouldn't have it if you like," cried the young politician, hotly. And then he sunk suddenly from this lofty elevation, and asked, "Where's the other girl?"

"Do you mean Innocent?"

"I mean her if that's her name," said the boy, colouring slightly. "Don't she stay with the rest of us? Ain't you good to her? Where has she gone?"

"We are as good as we know how to be," said Mrs. Eastwood, glad to plunge into a grievance, and with a new listener. "We don't know what to make of her, Jenny. She does not care for Nelly and me. We have tried to coax her, and we have tried to scold her; but she will stay by herself. She comes down when the bell rings, and she speaks when she is spoken to: that is all; and I am at my wit's end what to do."

"But that is everything a woman ought to be," said Molyneux. "Isn't there a proverb about being seen and not heard, &c. What a difference from some people! When I came in to-day, the first thing I heard was some one singing upstairs — singing so that I felt inclined to dance. I suppose it was not this Innocent?"

"It must be your fault," said Jenny, seriously, taking no notice of this interpellation.

"My fault, Jenny!" cried Mrs. Eastwood, getting red; and then she paused, and subdued her tones. "Do you know, dear, I often think it must be. But what can I do?" she said, humbly. "I try talking to her, and that fails; and then I try taking no notice. Yes, Jenny, I be-

lieve you are right. If I could love her heartily, right out, as I love Nelly —"

"That's unreasonable," said Jenny. "You can't do that, because, you see, we love Nelly by instinct, not for anything in her. She's not bad, for a girl — but if she were as disagreeable as an old cat, still we should have instinct to fall back upon. You have no instinct in respect to the other girl."

"What an odd boy you are," said Mrs. Eastwood, half affronted, half laughing; "and yet I believe there's something in it. But I do blame myself. I want to be kind, very kind, to her; whereas, you know, if I had not been kind to her, but only had loved her at once, I should have done better, I am sure. As for girls being seen and not heard, I don't think it applies to their families, Mr. Molyneux. It is all very well out in the world —"

"Out in the world one would rather they did say something now and then," said Molyneux. "It may be good, but it is dull. We are in a new cycle of opinion, and don't think as our grandfathers did. At the domestic hearth it might be very nice to have some one who would only speak when she was spoken to. There would be no quarrels then, Nelly; no settings up of independent judgment; no saying 'Hold your tongue, sir —'"

"That ought to be said, however, sometimes," said Nelly, making a little *monie*.

These were the light-horse skirmishings of conversation, part of that running dialogue about everything which these two young persons carried on in every corner, over everybody's head, and through everybody's talk. The others, to tell the truth, paid very little attention to their chatter, and Jenny came in with a steady march, as of the main body of the army along the beaten road.

"The question is, has she anything to say?" said Jenny. "I have felt myself, sometimes, What is the good of talking? I don't blame you for not being fond of her, mother; for that, I suppose, you could not help. But she should not be left to go about like a ghost. I don't believe in ghosts," said the youth, propping himself up against the mantelpiece; "they are generally deceptions, or else it is quite impossible to prove them. But when I saw that girl I thought *she* was one. Her face is a face out of a picture: I saw it once at the Louvre, the year we were abroad. And she has something very queer in her eyes; and she glides as if she had not any feet. Altogether she

is queer. Don't she take to anybody in the house?"

"She is fond of Frederick, I think," said Mrs. Eastwood, faltering. Jenny formed his lips into the appearance of saying "Whew!" He was taken by surprise.

"Fond of Frederick, and not care for *them*!" he said to himself, under his breath; this was a very curious indication of character. I am not sure that Jenny did not think, like most other human creatures, that it was possible his own attractions and influence might "bring out" Innocent. He gave her a considerable share of his attention that evening, and kept his eyes upon her. He was a theoretical sort of boy, and had read a great deal of modern poetry, and liked to think that he could analyze character like Mr. Browning. He tried to throw himself so strongly into her position that he should see the workings of her mind, and why she looked like a ghost. How Jenny succeeded in this noble pursuit of his will be seen hereafter. It occupied his mind very much all that Sunday, during which Nelly and young Molyneux were still in the ascendant, though the first novelty of their glory was beginning to fade.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

THE course of Nelly's true love did not, however, run so absolutely smooth as might have been supposed from this beginning. Her own family received it, as has been recorded, as a matter concerning Nelly's happiness, with little of those grave considerations about means and money which generally attend the formation of such contracts. Perhaps this might be because she had no father to consider that part of the question, though Mrs. Eastwood did her best to be businesslike. But then Mrs. Eastwood, being only a woman, believed in love, and chiefly considered Nelly's happiness—which after all, if it were involved, was of more importance than money. The other side cared nothing about Nelly's happiness, and not very much for her lover's—it concerned itself with things much more important, with the fact that five thousand pounds was but a small sum to pay for the honour of being daughter-in-law to Mr. Molyneux, Q.C., and that Ernest might have done better. And though Ellinor Eastwood was of better blood than the Molyneuxes, and

better connections, and really possessed something of her own, whereas her lover had nothing, his friends did not hesitate to say among themselves that Mrs. Eastwood had long had her eye upon him, that the Eastwoods had "made a dead set at him," and many other flattering expressions of the same kind, such as are liberally used in polite society whenever a young man is "caught" according to the equally polite expression, by the young woman who, of course, has been angling for him all her life long. This was the way in which the matter was regarded by Ernest's family, who were very much like other people, neither better nor worse, and took the conventional way of treating the subject. They had not a word to say against Nelly, but were convinced she "had made a dead set at him." Such is the way of the world.

A whole week passed before the Molyneuxes took any notice, and then it was announced to Mrs. Eastwood that the head of the house, the future Judge, was to call upon her before he went to his chambers in the morning. Mrs. Eastwood had been put upon her dignity by this treatment of her, and though she had allowed Ernest to come to the Elms constantly, and to dine there every evening, her manner had become day by day a little colder to him. This made Nelly unhappy, who coaxed and hung about her mother with appealing eyes.

"But you like Ernest? You are sure you like him?" she would ask ten times a day.

"I have nothing to say against Ernest. It is his family, who are not acting as we have a right to expect them," answered her mother; and she received with great gravity the announcement of Mr. Molyneux's intended visit. She would not allow to any one that she was excited by it, but the family breakfasted half an hour earlier on that particular morning, in order that everything might be cleared away, and the room in order for this interview. The dining-room was Mrs. Eastwood's business room, where she transacted all her more important affairs. There is something in the uncompromising character of a dining-room which suits business; the straight-backed chairs up and down, without compromising curves or softness, the severe square rectangular lines of the table, the sideboard ponderous and heavy, tons of solid mahogany—even the pictures on the walls, which were all portraits, and of a gravely severe aspect—made it an appropriate

state chamber for great occasions. When Mr. Molyneux was ushered in, he found Mrs. Eastwood seated on a hard chair before the table, with a large inkstand and all her housekeeping books before her. He was amused by the *pose*, being clever enough to perceive that it, at least, was not quite genuine, but he lacked the power to go further, and immediately made a vulgar estimate of her, such as vulgar-minded men invariably make of women whose youth and good looks are waning. Mr. Molyneux was a great speaker, a powerful pleader, but a vulgar-minded man notwithstanding. He was loosely made and loosely dressed, with a certain largeness and breadth about him which impressed his hearers as if it had been a moral quality—and his face was loquacious, especially the mouth, which had large lips, and lines about them bearing token of perpetual motion. These lips, and the peculiar way in which, in repose, they closed upon each other, were enough to prove to any spectator that his powers of speech were not to be despised. It was not an eloquent mouth. There is a great difference between powerful loquacity and real eloquence. He was not eloquent. A lofty subject would have disconcerted him, and when he attempted to treat an ordinary subject in a lofty way, his grandeur became bathos, and called forth laughter when tears were intended. But he was tremendously fluent, and he was popular. He did almost what he liked with the ordinary British jury, and his name in a bad case was almost as good as a verdict of acquittal.

When this man was ushered in by Brownlow with an importance befitting the occasion, Mrs. Eastwood momentarily felt her courage fail her. She knew him but slightly, and had never come into much personal contact with him, and she had that natural respect, just touched by a little dread of him, which women often entertain for men of public eminence who have gained for themselves a prominent place in the world. Nor did he do anything to diminish her agitation. He looked at her with cool grey eyes which twinkled from the folds and layers of eyelids that surrounded them, and with a half sarcastic smile on his face; and he called her "ma'am," as he was in the habit of doing when he meant to bully a female witness. Mrs. Eastwood, striving vaguely against the feeling, felt as if she too was going to be cross-examined and to commit herself, which was not a comfortable frame of mind.

"So our children, ma'am, have been making fools of themselves," he said, with a twinkle of his eyes, after the preliminary observations about her health and the weather were over. He followed the words with a chuckle at the folly of the idea; and Mrs. Eastwood, who was anxiously determined to fill the part of "mère noble," was taken aback, and scarcely knew what to reply.

"They have taken a step," she said, breathless, "which must very seriously affect their happiness——"

"Just so," said Mr. Molyneux, "and you and I must see what can be done about it. Ernest is not a bad fellow, ma'am, but he is sadly imprudent. He plunges into a step like this, without ever thinking what is to come of it. I suppose he has told you what his circumstances are?"

Mrs. Eastwood replied by a somewhat stiff inclination of the head.

"Precisely like him," said his father, chuckling. "Not a penny to bless himself with, nor the least idea where to find one; and accordingly he goes and proposes to a pretty girl, and makes up his mind, I suppose, to set up housekeeping directly—Heaven help him!—upon nothing a year."

"This is not what he has said to me," said Mrs. Eastwood. "In the first place, though frankly avowing that he had nothing—beyond his allowance from you—I have understood from him that by greater diligence in the pursuit of his profession——"

Mrs. Eastwood was interrupted here, by a low "Ho, ho!" of laughter from her visitor—a very uncomfortable kind of interruption. To tell the truth, feeling that things were against her, and determined not to let down Nelly's dignity, she had taken refuge in a grandeur of expression which she herself was conscious might be beyond the subject. No woman likes to be laughed at; and Mrs. Eastwood grew twenty times more dignified, as she became aware of the levity with which the other parent treated the whole affair.

"Ho! ho! ho! I recognize my boy in that," said Mr. Molyneux. "I beg your pardon, but Ernest is too great a wag to be resisted. Greater diligence in the pursuit of his profession! He ought to be made Lord Chancellor on the spot for that phrase. Are you aware, my dear ma'am, that he has never done anything, that boy of mine, in the pursuit of his profession, or otherwise, since he was born?"

"Am I to understand, Mr. Molyneux," said Mrs. Eastwood, slightly tremulous with offence and agitation, "that your object is to break off the engagement between my daughter and your son?"

"Nothing of the sort, ma'am; nothing of the sort," said Mr. Molyneux, cheerfully. "I have no objections to your daughter; and if it did not happen with her, it would happen with some one else. It is for both our interests, though, that they don't do anything foolish. What they intend is that we should pay the piper——"

"You must do me the favour to speak for yourself, and your son," said Mrs. Eastwood, with spirit. "My child has no such idea. She has never known anything about such calculations; and I am sure she will not begin now."

"I beg your pardon, and Miss Nelly's pardon," said the great man with an amused look. "I did not mean to reflect upon any one. But if she has not begun yet, I fear she will soon begin when she is Ernest's wife. They can't help it, ma'am. I am not blaming them. Once they are married, they must live; they must have a house over their heads, and a dinner daily. I've no doubt Miss Nelly's an angel; but even an angel, when she has weekly bills coming in, and nothing to pay them with, will begin to scheme."

"Such a thing appears to me quite impossible," said Mrs. Eastwood, in a flutter of suppressed indignation, and then she added, pausing to recover herself: "I must say at once, Mr. Molyneux, that if this is the way in which you are disposed to look at the matter, I should prefer to end the discussion. My daughter's happiness is very dear to me; but her credit, and my own credit, ought to be still more dear——"

"My dear ma'am," cried Mr. Molyneux, "now tell me, as a matter of curiosity, how your credit is concerned, or why you should be angry? My point of view is that, of course, the young people mean to get as much as they can out of us——"

"Perhaps your son does, sir!" cried Mrs. Eastwood, exasperated. "You ought to know him best."

"Of course, I know him best; and, of course, that is his object—to get as much as he can out of me," said Mr. Molyneux, pausing upon the pronoun. "Since you don't like it, I will leave the other side out of the question. I have known Ernest these eight and twenty years, and I ought to know what stuff he is made of. Now, as there are two parties to this bar-

gain, we had better know exactly what we mean on either side. I did not want Ernest to marry now, and in case he did marry, he ought to have looked higher. I don't mean to be unpleasant, but I should have liked him to look out—let us say, brutally—for more money. He has cost a deal of money in his day; and he ought to have brought in more. It is very likely, indeed, that your views were of a similar character. In that case, instead of wrangling, we ought to agree. Miss Nelly might have done better——"

"A great deal better," said the mother, firmly, and with decision.

"Exactly so. At bottom we mean the same thing, though I may speak too roughly; but, like a couple of young fools, they have gone and run their heads into a net. Privately, I admire your daughter very much," said Mr. Molyneux, with a certain oily change in his tone—a confession that the present subject under treatment was not to be bullied, but required more delicate dealing; "and though I say it that shouldn't, my son Ernest is a fine young fellow. They will make a handsome couple—just the kind of thing that would be delightful in a novel or in a poem—where they could live happy ever after, and never feel the want of money. But in this prosaic world things don't go on so comfortably. They have not a penny; that is the question that remains between you and me."

"Nelly has five thousand pounds; and he has—his profession," said Mrs. Eastwood, with a certain faltering in her voice.

"Well, well, well," said the wise man. "If we were all in a state of innocence, five thousand pounds would be something; and if we were a little wicked, his profession might count; but the world is not so litigious as might be desired. My son is too grand to demean himself to criminal cases like that inconsiderable mortal, his father. And do you mean them to live in London, my dear ma'am, upon Miss Nelly's twopence-halfpenny a year?"

"Indeed, I am not so foolish," cried Mrs. Eastwood; "beside thinking it wrong as a matter of principle. He must work, of course, before he can marry. He must have at least the prospect of a sufficient income before I should ever give my consent."

"A sufficient income earned by Ernest!" said Mr. Molyneux, with, again, that detestable "Ho, ho!" "Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Eastwood; but when I see how that boy has imposed upon you! No

—believe me, who know him better, that if anything is to come of it, it must be done by you and me.”

“I do not understand, Mr. Molyneux —”

“I quite believe it,” he said, relapsing into carelessness just touched with contempt. “Ladies seldom understand such matters. If you will tell me the name of your solicitor, perhaps it would be better for me to talk the matter over with him.”

“What is there to talk over?” said Mrs. Eastwood, once more roused into indignation. “I think, Mr. Molyneux, that we are speaking different languages. Nelly has her little fortune—as you know—and I am willing to allow her to wait till Ernest is in a position to claim her. I should not allow this without your approval, as his father. But as, so far, you have given your approval, what more does there remain to say?”

The great lawyer looked at his simple antagonist with a kind of stupefaction.

“We are indeed talking two different languages,” he said. “Tell me who is your solicitor, my dear lady, and he and I will talk it over —”

“In a matter so important,” said Mrs. Eastwood, plucking firmness from the emergency, “I prefer to act for myself.”

Perhaps at this moment she achieved the greatest success of her life, though she did not know it. Mr. Molyneux was struck dumb. He stared at her, and he scratched his head like any bumpkin. He could not swear, nor storm, nor threaten, as he would sometimes do with the hapless people in the witness-box. He was obliged to be civil, and smooth-spoken, and to treat her with a certain degree of politeness; for though he believed that Ernest might have done better, he had no desire to defy his son, who was, in his way, a formidable opponent, and he did not quite venture, knowing the sort of young man he had to deal with, to break off the match, or do anything violent tending that way.

“Then I must try what can be done by plainer language,” he said, hiding his bewilderment under a specious appearance of candour. “We must throw away all circumlocution. Let us be reasonable. I will give my son so much a year, if you will give your daughter so much a year. That is what it comes to. If we do this, there may be some possibility for them; but without this, nothing can be done; and of course, the allowance which you might be able to give her would deter-

mine to some extent what I should give him.”

“What I might be able to give my daughter?” said Mrs. Eastwood, in surprise; “but I have nothing to do with it. I give her nothing — she comes into it by her grandfather’s will.”

“The five thousand pounds — yes, yes, I understand all about that,” said Mr. Molyneux, with a mixture of disgust and weariness. This infinitesimal, but always recurring, morsel of money bored him. But he tried to keep his temper. He explained the duty of parents in such an emergency with great fulness. If a sacrifice had to be made, it must, he pointed out, be a mutual sacrifice. The question was not of five thousand pounds, or five thousand pence, but how to “make up an income” for the young people. Without an income there could be no marriage; it was not a matter of feeling, but of arrangement; if the one side did so much, the other side would do so much more. The great man explained the position with all his natural wealth of words, and with all the ease of wealth, to which a hundred or two more of expenditure in a year mattered comparatively little. But Mrs. Eastwood, who, as the reader is aware, had enough, but not too much, listened with a dismay which she could scarcely disguise. She, who had been obliged to put down her carriage, in order to free her son, was not in a position to give large allowances to either son or daughter. She made the best effort she could to maintain her ground.

“I should have thought that your son, in your profession, in which you are so eminent —” she began with an attempt to propitiate her amicable adversary, who had changed the question so entirely from what appeared to her its natural aspect.

“In my profession, ma’am, a man stands on his own merits, not his father’s,” Mr. Molyneux answered, interrupting her with brusque decision. What was poor Mrs. Eastwood to do? She could not give to Nelly without being unjust to her other children, and yet how was she to have the heart to crush Nelly’s happiness by refusing? A vision of her child, hollow-eyed and pale, casting pathetic glances at her, which would be worse than reproaches, flitted before her eyes. Girls have died ere now of separation from their lovers, and Nelly (the mother thought) was the kind of girl to break her heart without a complaint. Could she risk the breaking of Nelly’s

heart for a miserable question of money? This was an influence infinitely more subtle and potent than Mr. Molyneux's eloquence. While he talked the good mother fought it out in her own bosom. She gave her consent that he should see her solicitor and talk over the matter with a sort of despairing acquiescence and that desperate trust in Providence which springs up in an oppressed soul when driven to its last resources. Something might "come in the way." Nothing could be resolved upon at once; neither to-day nor to-morrow could call for immediate action, and something might come in the way.

Mr. Molyneux saw Nelly before he went away, and was kind and fatherly, kissing her on the forehead, an act which Mrs. Eastwood half resented, as somehow interfering with her absolute property in her child. The lover she tolerated, but the lover's father was odious to her. And this trial of her patience was all the more hard that she had to put the best face upon it before Nelly, and to say that Mr. Molyneux and she did not quite agree on some points, but that everything would come right by-and-by. Nelly had always been her mother's confidant, knowing everything and thrusting her ready youthful opinion and daring undoubting advice into whatever was going on, and to shut her out now from all participation in this crowning care was unspeakably hard.

And then the nature of the vexation which she had thus to conceal within herself was so doubly odious—a question of money, which made her appear even to herself as if she was a niggard where her child's happiness was involved, she who had never grudged Nelly anything all her life! Other disagreeables, too, mingled in the matter. To be roused from the pleasant confidence that all your friends think well of you by the sudden discovery that some of them, at least, hold very lightly the privilege of your special alliance, is not in itself consolatory. Everything connected with the subject turned somehow into pain. Since the time when the carriage was put down, no such incident had occurred in the family, and Frederick's debts, which were a kind of natural grief in their way (for has not every man debts?), were not half so overwhelming as this, nor did they bring half so many troubles in their train.

When the love of lovers comes into a house which has hitherto been kept warm and bright by the loves of parent

and children, brother and sister, the first thing it does in most cases is to make a rent and division. It calls out the sense of self and personal identity, it breaks the soft silken bonds of nature, and turns the hands a little while ago so closely linked almost against each other. Nelly thought her mother was hard to her Ernest, and Ernest thought his future mother-in-law was already developing the true mother-in-law character, and was about to become his natural enemy. He could not help giving hints of this to his betrothed, which made Nelly unhappy. And then her mother would find her crying, and on asking why, would be assailed with pitiful remonstrances.

"Dear mamma, why should you turn against Ernest? You used to like him well enough. Is it because I am fond of him that you turn against him?" Thus Nelly would moan, rending her mother's heart.

All this introduced the strangest new commotion into the peaceful household, and the reader will not wonder that poor Mrs. Eastwood, thus held on the rack, was a little impatient of other annoyances. On the very evening of the day on which she had the interview with Mr. Molyneux above recorded, when she was going through the hall on her way upstairs, another vexing and suggestive incident disturbed her. The hall was square, with one little deep window on one side of the door, the recess of which was filled with a window seat. Here some one was seated, half-visible in the darkness, with a head pressed against the window, gazing out. Nothing could be more unlike the large window of the Palazzo Scaramucci, but the attitude and act were the same. Mrs. Eastwood stopped, half alarmed, and watched the motionless figure. Then she went forward with a wondering uneasiness.

"Is it you, Innocent?" she said.

"Yes."

"What are you doing here? It is too cold to stand about in the hall, and besides it is not a proper place for you. Go into the drawing-room dear, or come upstairs with me. What are you doing here?"

"I am waiting," said Innocent.

"For what, for whom?" said the mother, alarmed.

"For Frederick," said the girl, with a long drawing out of the breath, which was almost a sigh.

LECTURES ON MR. DARWIN'S PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MULLER.

FIRST LECTURE,

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PHILOSOPHY is not, as is sometimes supposed, a mere intellectual luxury; it is, under varying disguises, the daily bread of the whole world. Though the workers and speakers must always be few, those for whom they work and speak are many; and though the waves run highest in the centres of literary life, the widening circles of philosophic thought reach in the end to the most distant shores. What is thought-out and written down in the study, is soon taught in the schools, preached from the pulpits, and discussed at the corners of the streets. There are at the present moment materialists and spiritualists, realists and idealists, postivists and mystics, evolutionists and specialists to be met with in the workshops as well as in the lecture-rooms, and it may safely be asserted that the intellectual vigour and moral health of a nation depend no more on the established religion than on the dominant philosophy of the realm.

No one who at the present moment watches the state of the intellectual atmosphere of Europe, can fail to see that we are on the eve of a storm which will shake the oldest convictions of the world, and upset everything that is not firmly rooted. Whether we look to England, France, or Germany, everywhere we see, in the recent manifestoes of their philosophers, the same thoughts struggling for recognition — thoughts not exactly new, but presented in a new and startling form. There is everywhere the same desire to explain the universe, such as we know it, without the admission of any plan, any object, any superintendence; a desire to remove all specific barriers, not only those which separate man from the animal, and the animal from the plant, but those also which separate organic from inorganic bodies; lastly, a desire to explain life as a mode of chemical action, and thought as a movement of nervous molecules.

It is difficult to find a general name for these philosophic tendencies, particularly as their principal representatives differ widely from each other. It would be unfair to class the coarse materialism of Büchner with the thoughtful realism of

Spencer. Nor does it seem right to use the name of Darwinism in that vague and undefined sense in which it has been used so frequently of late, comprehending under that title not only the carefully worded conclusions of that great observer and thinker, but likewise the bold generalizations of his numerous disciples. I shall mention only one, but a most important point, on which so-called Darwinism has evidently gone far beyond Mr. Darwin. It is well known that, according to Mr. Darwin, all animals and plants have descended from about eight or ten progenitors. He is satisfied with this and declines to follow the deceitful guidance of analogy, which would lead us to the admission of but one prototype. And he adds that even if he were to infer from analogy that all the organic beings which had ever lived on this earth had descended from some one primordial form, he would hold that life was first breathed into that primordial form by the Creator. Very different from this is the conclusion proclaimed by Professor Haeckel, the most distinguished and most strenuous advocate of Mr. Darwin's opinions in Germany. He maintains that in the present state of physiological knowledge, the idea of a Creator, a Maker, a Life-giver has become unscientific; that the admission of one primordial form is sufficient; and that that first primordial form was a Moneres, produced by self-generation.

I know, indeed, of no name sufficiently comprehensive for this broad stream of philosophic thought, but the name of "*Evolutionary Materialism*" is perhaps the best that can be framed. I am afraid that it will be objected to by those who imagine that materialism is a term of reproach. It is so in a moral sense, but no real student of the history of philosophy would use the word for such a purpose. In the historical evolution of philosophy, materialism has as much right as spiritualism, and it has taught us many lessons for which we ought to be most grateful. To say that materialism degrades mind to the level of matter is a false accusation, because what the materialist means by matter is totally different from what the spiritualist means by it, and from what it means in common parlance. The matter of the materialist contains, at least potentially, the highest attributes that can be assigned to any object of knowledge; the matter of the spiritualists is simply an illusion; while, in common parlance, matter is hardly more than

stuff and rubbish. Let each system of philosophy be judged out of its own mouth, and let us not wrangle about words more than we can help. Philosophical progress, like political progress, prospers best under party government, and the history of philosophy would lose half its charm and half its usefulness, if the struggle between the two great parties in the realm of thought, the spiritualist and the materialist, the idealist and the realist, were ever to cease. As thunderstorms are wanted in nature to clear the air and give us breath, the human mind, too, stands in need of its tempests, and never does it display greater vigour and freshness than after it has passed through one of the decisive battles in the world of thought.

But though allowing to the materialist philosophers all the honour that is due to a great and powerful party, the spiritualist may hate and detect materialism with the same hatred with which the conservative hates radicalism, or at all events with such a modicum of hatred as a philosopher is capable of; and he has a perfect right to oppose, by all the means at his disposal, the exclusive sway of materialistic opinions. Though from a purely philosophical point of view, we may admit that spiritualism is as one-sided as materialism, that they are both but two faces of the same head, that each can see but one half of the world, yet no one who has worked his way honestly through the problems of materialism and spiritualism would deny that the conclusions of Hume are more disheartening than those of Berkeley, and that the strongest natures only can live under the pressure of such opinions as those which were held by Lamettrie or Schopenhauer. To some people, I know, such considerations will seem beside the point. They hold that scientific research, whatever its discoveries may be, is never to be allowed to touch the deeper convictions of our souls. They seem to hold that the world may have been created twice, once according to Moses, and once according to Darwin. I confess I cannot adopt this artificial distinction, and I feel tempted to ask those cold-blooded philosophers the same question which the German peasant asked his bishop, who, as a prince, was amusing himself on week-days, and, as a bishop, praying on Sundays. "Your Highness, what will become of the bishop, if the Devil comes and takes the prince?" Scientific research is not intended for intellectual exercise and amusement only,

and our scientific convictions will not submit to being kept in quarantine. If we once embark on board the *Challenger*, we cannot rest with one foot on dry land. Wherever it leads us, we must follow; wherever it lands us there we must try to live. Now, it does make a difference whether we live in the atmosphere of Africa or of Europe, and it makes the same difference whether we live in the atmosphere of spiritualism or materialism. The view of the world and of our place in it, as indicated by Mr. Darwin, and more sharply defined by some of his followers, does not touch scientific interests only; it cuts to the very heart, and must become to every man to whom truth, whether you call it scientific or religious, is sacred, a question of life and death, in the deepest and fullest sense of the word.

In the short course of three Lectures which I have undertaken to give this year in this Institution, I do not intend to grapple with the whole problem of Evolutionary Materialism. My object is simply to point out a strange omission, and to call attention to one kind of evidence—I mean the evidence of language—which has been most unaccountably neglected, both in studying the development of the human intellect, and in determining the position which man holds in the system of the world. Is it not extraordinary, for instance, that in the latest work on Psychology, language should hardly ever be mentioned, language without which no thought can exist, or at all events, without which no thought has ever been realized or expressed? It does not matter what view of language we take; under all circumstances its intimate connection with thought cannot be doubted. Call language a mass of imitative cries, or a heap of conventional signs; let it be the tool or the work of thought; let it be the mere garment or the very embodiment of mind—whatever it is, surely it has something to do with the historical or palæontological, and with the individual or embryological evolution of the human self. It may be very interesting to the psychologist to know the marvellous machinery of the senses, beginning with the first formation of nervous channels, tracing the process in which the reflex action of the molecules of the afferent nerves produces a reaction in the molecules of the efferent nerves, following up the establishment of nervous centres and nervous plexuses, and laying bare the whole net-

work of the telegraphic wires through which messages are flashed from station to station. Yet much of that network and its functions admits, and can admit, of an hypothetical interpretation only; while we have before us another network — I mean language — in its endless variety, where every movement of the mind, from the first tremor to the last calm utterance of our philosophy, may be studied as in a faithful photograph. And while we know the nervous system only such as it is, or, if we adopt the system of evolution, such as it has gradually been brought from the lowest to the highest state of organization, but are never able to watch the actual historical or palæontological process of its formation, we know language, not only as it is, but can watch it in its constant genesis, and in its historical progress from simplicity to complexity, and again from complexity to simplicity. For let us not forget that language has two aspects. We, the historical races of mankind, use it, we speak and think it, but we do not make it. Though the faculty of language may be congenital, all languages are traditional. The words in which we think are channels of thought which we have not dug ourselves, but which we found ready-made for us. The work of making language belongs to a period in the history of mankind beyond the reach of tradition, and of which we, in our advanced state of mental development, can hardly form a conception. Yet that period must have had an historical reality as much as the period during which small annual deposits formed the strata of the globe on which we live. As during enormous periods of time the Earth was absorbed in producing the abundant carboniferous vegetation which still supplies us with the means of warmth, light, and life, there must have been a period during which the human mind had no other work but that of linguistic vegetation, the produce of which still supplies the stores of our grammars and dictionaries. After the great bulk of language was finished, a new work began, that of arranging and defining it, and of now and then coining a new word for a new thought. And all this we can still see with our own eyes, as it were, in the quarries opened by the Science of Language. No microscope will ever enable us to watch the formation of a new nervous ganglion, while the Science of Language shows us the formation of new mental ganglia in the formation of every new word. Besides, let us

not forget that the whole network of the nerves is outside the mind. A state of nervous action may be parallel, but it never is identical with a state of consciousness (*Principles of Psychology*, II. 592), and even the parallelism between nervous states and states of consciousness is, when we come to details, beyond all comprehension (*Ib.* I. 140). Language, on the contrary, is not outside the mind, but is *the* outside of the mind. Language without thought is as impossible as thought without language; and although we may by abstraction distinguish between what the Greeks called inward and outward Logos, yet in reality and full actuality language is one and indivisible — language is very thought. On this more hereafter.

Just at the end of his interesting work on the *Principles of Psychology*, Mr. Herbert Spencer shows, by one remark, that he is well aware of the importance of language for a proper study of psychology.* "Whether it be or be not a true saying," he writes, "that mythology is a disease of language, it may be said with truth that metaphysics, in all its anti-realistic developments, is a disease of language." No doubt it is; but think of the consequences that flow from this view of language for a proper study of psychology! If a disease of language can produce such hallucinations as mythology and metaphysics, what then is the health of language, and what its bearing on the healthy functions of the mind? Is this no problem for the psychologist? Nervous or cerebral disorders occupy a large portion in every work on psychology; yet they are in their nature obscure, and must always remain so. Why a hardening or softening of the brain should interfere with thought will never be explained, beyond the fact that the wires are somehow damaged, and do not properly receive and convey the nervous currents. But what we call a disease of language is perfectly intelligible; nay, it has been proved to be natural, and almost inevitable. In a lecture delivered in this Institution some time ago, I endeavoured to show that mythology, in the widest sense of the word, is the power exercised by language on thought in every possible sphere of mental activity, including metaphysics as well as religion; and I called the whole history of philosophy, from Thales down to Hegel, one uninterrupted battle against mythology, a con-

* Spencer, *Principles of Psychology*, Vol. II. p. 502.

stant protest of thought against language. Not till we understand the real nature of language shall we understand the real nature of the human Self; and those who want to read the true history of the development of the soul of man, must learn to read it in language, the primeval and never-ending autobiography of our race.

In order to show the real bearing of the Philosophy of Language on the problem which occupies us at present, viz. the position of man in the animal world, it is absolutely necessary to go back to Hume and Kant. Nothing seems to me so much to be regretted in the philosophical discussions of our time as the neglect which is shown for the history of former struggles in which the same interests were at stake, and in which the same problems were discussed, not without leaving, one would have thought, something that is still worth remembering. A study of the history of philosophy cannot, at the present moment, be too strongly recommended, when one sees men of the highest eminence in their special spheres of study, approaching the old problems of mankind as if they had never been discussed before, and advancing opinions such as Sokrates would not have dared to place in the mouths of his antagonists. Even if a study of ancient philosophy, and particularly of Oriental philosophy, should appear too heavy a task, it seems at all events indispensable, that those who take an active part in the controversies on the theory of general evolution and development, as opposed to specific variety and a reign of law, should be familiar with the final results of that great debate which, about one hundred years ago, was carried on on very similar, nay, essentially the same topics, by such giants as Berkeley, Hume, and Kant. In the permanent philosophical parliament of the world there is, and there must be, an order of business. The representatives of the highest interests of mankind cannot be discussing all things at all times. At all events, if an old question is to be opened again, let it be opened in that form in which it was left at the end of the last debate.

In order to appreciate the full import of the questions now agitated by positivist and evolutionist philosophers, in order to understand their antecedents, and to do justice to their claims, we must go back to Hume and Kant. The position which Kant took and maintained against the materialist philosophy of Hume and the idealist philosophy of

Berkeley, may be attacked afresh, but it cannot be, and it ought not to be, ignored. Kant's answer was not simply the answer of one German professor, it was a vote carried in a full house, and at the time accepted as decisive by the whole world.

The circumstances under which Kant wrote his *Criticism of Pure Reason* show that his success was due, not only to his own qualifications, great as they were, but to the fact that the tide of materialism was on the turn, that a reaction had set in in the minds of independent thinkers, so that, when he wrote his great and decisive work, he was but lending the most powerful expression to the silent convictions of the world's growing majority. Unless we keep this in view, the success of Kant's philosophy would be inexplicable. He was a Professor in a small university of Eastern Prussia. He had never been out of his native province, never but once out of his native town. He began to lecture at Königsberg as a *Privat-Dozent* in 1755, just a year before the beginning of the Seven Years' War, when other questions rather, and not the certainty of synthetic judgments *à priori*, would seem to have interested the public mind of Germany. Kant worked on for sixteen years as an unpaid University lecturer; in 1766 he took a Librarianship which yielded him about 10*l.* a year, and it was not till he was forty-six years of age (1770) that he succeeded in obtaining a Professorship of Logic and Metaphysics with a salary of about 60*l.* a year. He lectured indefatigably on a great variety of subjects:—on Mathematics, Physics, Logic, Metaphysics, Natural Law, Morals, Natural Religion, Physical Geography, and Anthropology. He enjoyed a high reputation in his own University, but no more than many other professors in the numerous universities of Germany. His fame had certainly never spread beyond the academic circles of his own country, when in the year 1781, at the age of fifty-seven, he published at Riga his *Critik der reinen Vernunft* (*The Criticism of Pure Reason*), a work which in the onward stream of philosophic thought has stood, and will stand for ever, like the rocks of Niagara. There is nothing attractive in that book, nothing startling; far from it. It is badly written, in a heavy style, full of repetitions, all grey in grey, with hardly a single ray of light and sunshine from beginning to end. And yet that book soon became known all over Europe, at a time when

literary intelligence travelled much more slowly than at present. Lectures were given in London on Kant's new system, even at Paris the philosopher of Königsberg became an authority, and for the first time in the history of human thought the philosophical phraseology of the age became German.

How is this to be explained? I believe simply by the fact that Kant spoke the word which the world had been waiting for. No philosopher, from Thales down to Hegel, has ever told, has ever taken and held his place in the history of philosophy, whose speculations, however abstruse in appearance, however far removed at first sight from the interests of ordinary mortals, have not answered some deep yearning in the hearts of his fellow-men. What makes a philosopher great, or, at all events, what makes him really powerful, is what soldiers would call his feeling for the main body of the army in its advance from truth to truth; his perfect understanding of the human solitudes of his age, his sympathy with the historical progress of human thought. At the time of Kant's great triumph, the conclusions of Locke and Hume had remained unanswered for a long time, and seemed almost unanswerable. But for that very reason people longed for an answer. The problems which then disquieted not only philosophers, but all to whom their "Being and Knowing" were matters of real concern, were not new problems. They were the old problems of the world, the questions of the possibility of absolute certainty in the evidence of the senses, of reason, or of faith, the questions of the beginning and end of our existence, the question whether the Infinite is the shadow of a dream, or the substance of all substances. The same problems had exercised the sages of India, the thinkers of Greece, the students of Rome, the dreamers of Alexandria, the divines and scholars of the Middle Ages, the Realists and Nominalists, and again the schools of Descartes and Leibniz, in their conflict with the schools of Locke and Hume. But these old problems had in Kant's time, as in our own, assumed a new form and influence. If, in spite of its ever varying aspects, we may characterize the world-wide struggle by one word, as a struggle for the primacy between matter and mind, we can clearly see that in the middle of the last as again in the middle of our own century the materialistic view had gained the upper hand over the spiritualistic. Descartes, Male-

branche, Leibniz, and Wolf might influence the opinions of hard-working students and independent thinkers, but their language was hardly understood by the busy world outside the lecture-rooms; while the writings of Locke, and still more those of Hume and his French followers, penetrated alike into boudoirs and club-rooms. Never, perhaps, in the whole history of philosophy did the pendulum of philosophic thought swing so violently as in the middle of the eighteenth century, from one extreme to the other, from Berkeley to Hume; never did pure spiritualism and pure materialism find such outspoken and uncompromising advocates as in the Bishop of Cloyne,—who considered it the height of absurdity to imagine any object as existing without, or independent of, that which alone will produce an object, viz., the subject,*—and the Librarian of the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, who looked upon the conception of a subjective mind as a mere illusion, founded on nothing but on that succession of sensations to which we wrongly assign a sentient cause. But it is easy to see, in the literature of the ages, that of these two solutions of the riddle of mind and matter, that which explained the mind as the mere outcome of matter, as the result of the impressions made on the senses; was far more in harmony with the general taste of the age than that which looked upon matter as the mere outcome of the mind. The former was regarded by the world as clever, the latter almost as silly.

That all-powerful, though most treacherous ally of philosophy, Common Sense, was stoutly opposed to Berkeley's idealism, and the typical representative of Common Sense, Dr. Samuel Johnson, maintained that he had only to strike his foot with characteristic force against a stone in order to convince the world that he had thoroughly refuted Berkeley and all idealists.† Voltaire, a less sincere believer in Common Sense, joked about ten thousand cannon balls and ten thousand dead men, being only ten thousand ideas; while Dean Swift is accused of having committed the sorry joke of keeping Bishop Berkeley, on a rainy day, waiting before his door, giving orders not to open it, because, he said, if his philosophy is true, he can as easily enter with the door shut as with the door open. Though at present philosophers are inclined to do more

* *Berkeley's Works*, ed. Fraser, Vol. IV. p. 376.

† *Berkeley's Works*, Vol. IV. p. 368.

justice to Berkeley, yet they seldom speak of him without a suppressed smile, totally forgetting that the majority of real thinkers, nay, I should almost venture to say, the majority of mankind agree with Berkeley in looking upon the phenomenal or so-called real world as a mere mirage, as mere *Māyā* or illusion of the thinking Self.

In the last century the current of public opinion — and we know how powerful, how overwhelming that current can be at times — had been decidedly in favour of materialism, when Kant stood forth to stem and to turn the tide. He came so exactly in the nick of time that one almost doubts whether the tide was turning, or whether he turned the tide. But what secures to Kant his position in the history of philosophy is, that he brought the battle back to that point where alone it could be decided, that he took up the thread in the philosophical woof of mankind at the very point where it threatened to ravel and to break. He wrote the whole of his *Criticism of Pure Reason* with constant reference to Berkeley and Hume; and what I blame in modern philosophers is that, if they wish to go back to the position maintained by Hume, they should attempt to do it without taking into account the work achieved by Kant. To do this is to commit a philosophical anachronism, it is tantamount to removing the questions which now occupy us, from that historical stage on which alone they can be authoritatively decided.

It has sometimes been supposed that the rapid success of Kant's philosophy was due to its being a philosophy of compromise, neither spiritualistic, like Berkeley's, nor materialistic, like Hume's. I look upon Kant's philosophy, not as a compromise, but as a reconciliation of spiritualism and materialism, or rather of idealism and realism. But whatever view we may take of Kant, it is quite clear that, at the time when he wrote, neither Berkeley's nor Hume's followers would have accepted his terms. It is true that Kant differed from Berkeley in admitting that the raw material of our sensations and thoughts is given to us, that we accept it from without, not from within. So far the realistic school might claim him as their own. But when Kant demonstrates that we are not merely passive recipients, that the conception of a purely passive recipient involves in fact an absurdity, that what is given us we accept on our own terms, these terms being the forms of our sensuous perception, and the cate-

gories of our mind, then the realist would see that the ground under his feet was no longer safe, and that his new ally was more dangerous than his old enemy.

Kant's chief object in writing the *Criticism of Pure Reason* was to determine, once for all, the organs and the limits of our knowledge; and therefore, instead of criticizing, as was then the fashion, the results of our knowledge whether in religion, or in history, or in science, he boldly went to the root of the matter, and subjected Reason, pure and simple, to his searching analysis. In doing this he was certainly far more successful against Locke and Hume than against Berkeley. To call the human mind a *tabula rasa* was pure metaphor, it was mythology and nothing else. *Tabula rasa* means a tablet, smoothed and made ready to receive the impressions of the pencil (*ypapciow*). It makes very little difference whether the mind is called a *tabula rasa*, or a mirror, or wax, or anything else that the French call *impressionable*. Nor does it help us much if, instead of impressions, we speak of sensations, or states of consciousness, or manifestations. The question is, how these states of consciousness come to be, whether "to know" is an active or a passive verb, whether there is a knowing Self, and what it is like. If we begin with states of consciousness as ultimate facts, no doubt Hume and his followers are unassailable. Nothing can be more ingenious than the explanation of the process by which the primary impressions, by mere twisting and turning, develop at last into an intellect, the passive mirror growing into a conscious Self. The sensuous impressions, as they are succeeded by new impressions, are supposed to become fainter, and to settle down into what we call our memory. General ideas are explained as the inevitable result of repeated sensuous impressions. For instance, if we see a *green* leaf, the *green* sea, and a *green* bird, the leaf, the sea, and the bird leave each but one impression, while the impression of the green colour is repeated three times, and becomes therefore deeper, more permanent, more general. Again, if we see the leaf of an oak tree, of a fig tree, of a rose tree, or of any other plant or shrub, the peculiar outline of each individual leaf is more or less obliterated, and there remains, we are told, the general impression of a leaf. In the same manner, out of innumerable impressions of various trees arises the general impression of tree, out of the impressions of trees, shrubs, and herbs, the gen-

eral impression of plant, of vegetative species, and at last of substance, animate or inanimate. In this manner it was supposed that the whole furniture of the human mind could be explained as the inevitable result of repeated sensuous impressions; and further, as these sensuous impressions, which make up the whole of what is called Mind, are received by animals as well as by men, it followed, as a matter of course, that the difference between the two was a difference of degree only, and that it was a mere question of time and circumstances for a man-like ape to develop into an ape-like man.

We have now reached a point where the intimate connection between Hume's philosophy and that of the Evolutionist school will begin to be perceived.

If Mr. Darwin is right, if man is either the lineal or lateral descendant of some lower animal, then all the discussions between Locke and Berkeley, between Hume and Kant, have become useless and antiquated. We all agree that animals receive their knowledge through the senses only; and if man was developed from a lower animal, the human mind, too, must have been developed from a lower animal mind. There would be an end to all further discussions: Kant, and all who follow him, would simply be out of court.

But have the followers of Mr. Darwin no misgivings that possibly Kant's conclusions may be so strong as to resist even the hypothesis of evolution? Do they consider it quite safe in their victorious advance to leave such a fortress as Kant has erected unnoticed in the rear? If no attempt had ever been made at answering Hume, there would be no harm in speaking again of the mind of man and the mind of animals as a *tabula rasa* on which impressions are made which faint, and spontaneously develop into conceptions and general ideas. They might revive the old watchword of Locke's school—though it is really much older than Locke*—"that there is nothing in the intellect that was not before in the senses," forgetting how it had been silenced by the triumphant answer of Kant's small army, "that there is nothing in the senses that was not at the same time in the intellect." But when one has watched these shouts and counter-shouts, when

one has seen the splendid feats of arms in the truly historical battles of the world, then to be simply told that all this is *passé*, that we now possess evidence which Berkeley, Locke, and Kant did not possess, and which renders all their lucubrations unnecessary; that, man being the descendant of some lower animal, the development of the human mind out of the mind of animals, or out of no mind, is a mere question of time, is certainly enough to make one feel a little impatient.

It is not for one moment maintained that, because Kant had proved that sensations are not the only ingredients of our consciousness, the question of the development of the human mind out of mere sensations is never to be opened again. Far from it. Only, if it is to be opened again, it should be done with a full appreciation of the labours of those who have come before us; otherwise philosophy itself will fall back into a state of prehistoric savagery.

What, then, is that *tabula rasa*, which sounds so learned, and yet is mere verbal jugglery? Let us accept the metaphor, that the mind is like a smooth writing tablet with nothing on it or in it, and what can be clearer even then, than that the impressions made on it must be determined by the nature of such a tablet? Impressions made on wax are different from impressions made on sand or water, and impressions made on the human Self must likewise be determined by the nature of the recipient. We see, therefore, that the conditions under which each recipient is capable of receiving impressions, constitute at the same time the conditions or terms to which all impressions must submit, whether they be made on a *tabula rasa*, or on the human Self, or on anything else.

And here is the place where Kant broke through the phalanx of the sensualistic school. That without which no impressions on the human mind are possible or conceivable, constitutes, he would say, the *transcendental* side of our knowledge. What, according to Kant, is *transcendental* is generally identified with what other philosophers call *a priori* or subjective. But this is true in a very limited sense only. Kant does not mean by transcendental what is merely biographically, i.e. in each individual, or even palæontologically, i.e. in the history of the whole race of man, *a priori*. The *a priori* in these two senses has to be discovered by experimental and historical psy-

* Locke, 1632-1704. In a letter from Sir T. Bodley to Sir F. Bacon, February 1607, we read: "It being a maxim of all men's approving, in intellectu nihil est quod non prius fuit in sensu."

chology, and Kant would probably have no objection whatever to any of the conclusions arrived at in this domain of research by the most advanced evolutionist. The *à priori* which Kant tries to discover is that which makes the two other *à priori*'s possible; it is the ontological *à priori*. Let all the irritations of the senses, let all the raw material of our sensuous perceptions be given, the fact of our not simply yielding to these inroads, but resisting them, accepting them, realizing them, knowing them, all this shows a reacting and realizing power in the Self. If anything is to be seen, or heard, or felt, or known by *us*, such as we are—and, I suppose, we are something—if all is not to end with disturbances of the retina, or vibrations of the tympanum, or ringing of the bells at the receiving stations of the brain, then what is to be perceived by *us*, must submit to the conditions of *our* perceiving, what is to be known by *us*, must accept the conditions of *our* knowing. This point is of so much importance for the solution, or, at all events, for the right apprehension of the problem with which we have to deal, that we must examine Kant's view on the origin and on the conditions of our knowledge a little more carefully.

According to Kant, then, there are, first of all, two fundamental or inevitable conditions of all sensuous manifestations, viz. *Space* and *Time*. They are called by Kant pure intuitions, which means *à priori* forms to which all intuitions if they are to become *our* intuitions, must submit. By no effort can we do away with these forms of phenomenal existence. If we are to become conscious of anything, whether we call it an impression, or a manifestation, or a phase, we must place all phenomena side by side, or *in space*; and we can accept them only as following each other in succession, or *in time*. If we wanted to make it still clearer, that Time and Space are subjective, or at all events determined by the Self, we might say that there can be no *There* without a *Here*, there can be no *Then* without a *Now*, and both the *Here* and the *Now* depend on us as recipients, as measurers, as perceivers.

Mr. Herbert Spencer brings three arguments against Kant's view, that Space and Time are *à priori* forms of our sensuous intuition. He says it is absolutely impossible to think that these forms of intuition belong to the *ego*, and not to the *non-ego*. Now Kant does not, according to the nature of his system, commit him-

self to any assertion that some such forms may not belong to the *non-ego*, the *Ding an sich*; he only maintains that we have no means of knowing it. That Kant's view is perfectly thinkable, is proved by Berkeley and most Idealists.

Secondly, Mr. H. Spencer argues that if Space and Time are forms of thought, they can never be thought of, since it is impossible for anything to be at once the form of thought and the matter of thought. Against this argument it must be remarked that Kant never takes Space and Time as forms of thought. He carefully guards against this view, and calls them "*reine Formen sinnlicher Anschauung*" (pure forms of sensuous intuition). But even if this distinction between thought and intuition is eliminated by evolution, it remains still to be proved that the forms of thought can never become the matter of thought. The greater part of philosophy makes the forms of thought the matter of thought.

Thirdly, Mr. Spencer maintains that some of our sense-perceptions, and more particularly that of hearing, are not necessarily localized. This objection again seems to me to rest on a misunderstanding. Though it is true that we do not always know the exact place where sounds come from, we always know, even in the case of our ear ringing, that what we perceive is outside, is somewhere, comes towards us; and that is all that Kant requires.

But besides these fundamental forms of sensuous intuition, Space and Time, without which no sensuous perception is possible, Kant, by his analysis of Pure Reason, discovered other conditions of our knowledge, the so-called *Categories of the Intellect*. While the sensualistic school, beginning with the ordinary *à priori* of experience, looked upon these forms of thought as mere abstractions, the residue or shadow of repeated observations, Kant made it clear that without them no experience, not even the lowest, would be possible, and that therefore they could not by themselves be acquired by experience. Grant, he would say, that we have, we do not know how, the sensations of colour, sound, taste, smell, or touch. They are given, and we must accept them. But think of the enormous difference between a vibration and a sensation; and again between a succession and agglomeration of the sensations of yellowness, softness, sweetness, and roundness, and what we mean when we speak of an orange! The nerves may

vibrate for ever — what would that be to us? The sensations might rush in for ever through the different gates of our senses, the afferent nerves might deliver them to one central point, yet even then they would remain but so many excitations of nervous action, so many sensations, coming and going at pleasure, but they would never by themselves alone produce in us the perception of an orange. The common-sense view of the matter is that we perceive all these sensations together as an orange, because the orange, as such, exists without us as something substantial, and the qualities of yellowness, softness, sweetness, and roundness are inherent in it. This is, no doubt, very unphilosophical, and ignores the positive fact that all that we have consists and can consist only of sensations and phases of consciousness, and that nothing can ever carry us beyond. Yet there is this foundation of truth in the common-sense view, that it shows our utter inability of perceiving any sensations without referring them to something substantial which causes them, and is supposed to possess all those qualities which correspond to our sensations. But if we once know that what is given us consists only of phases of sensation, whatever their origin may be, it then becomes clear that it can only be our Self, or whatever else we like to call it, which adds all the rest, and does this, not consciously or deliberately, but of necessity, and, as it were, in the dark.

We cannot receive sensations without at once referring them to a substantial cause. To say that these sensations may have no origin at all, would be to commit an outrage against ourselves. And why? Simply because our mind is so constituted that to doubt whether anything phenomenal had a cause would be a logical suicide. Call it what you like, a law, a necessity, an unconscious instinct, a category of the understanding, it always remains the *fault* of our Self, that it cannot receive sensations without referring them to a substance of which they are supposed to tell us the attributes.* And if this is so, we have a clear right to say with Kant, that that without which even the lowest perception of an object is impossible must be given, and cannot have been

acquired by repeated perception. The premiss in this argument, viz. that what we mean by cause has no warrant in the Non-ego, is indeed accepted, not only by Kant, but also by Hume; nay, there can be no doubt that on this point Kant owed very much to Hume's scepticism. Kant has nothing to say against Hume's argumentation that the ideas of *cause* and *effect*, of *substance* and *quality*, in that sense in which we use them, are not found in actual experience. But while Hume proceeded to discard those ideas as mere illusions, Kant, on the contrary, reclaimed them as the inevitable forms to which all phenomena must submit, if they are to be phenomena, if they are to become *our* phenomena, the perceptions of a human Self. He established their truth, or, what with him is the same, their inevitability in all phenomenal knowledge, and by showing their inapplicability to any but phenomenal knowledge, he once for all determined the limits of what is knowable and what is not.

These inevitable forms were reduced by Kant to twelve, and he arranged them systematically in his famous Table of Categories: —

- (1) Unity, Plurality, Universality;
- (2) Affirmation, Negation, Limitation;
- (3) Substantiality, Causality, Reciprocity;
- (4) Possibility, Reality, Necessity.

There is no time, I am afraid, to examine the true character of these categories in detail, or the forms which they take as *schemata*. What applies to one applies to all, viz. that without them no thought is possible. Take the categories of *quantity*, and try to think of anything without thinking of it at the same time as one or many, and you will find it is impossible. Nature does not count for us, we must count ourselves, and the talent of counting cannot have been acquired by counting, any more than a stone acquires the talent of swimming by being thrown into the water.

Put in the shortest way, I should say that the result of Kant's analysis of the Categories of the Understanding is, "*Nihil est in sensu, quod non fuerit in intellectu.*" We cannot perceive any object, except by the aid of the intellect.

It is not easy to give in a few words a true abstract of Kant's philosophy, yet if we wish to gain a clear view of the progressive, or, it may be, retrogressive, movement of human thought from century to century, we must be satisfied with short abstracts, as long as they contain

* Cf. Bacon, *Nov. Org.* I. 41. "Omnes perceptiones, tam Sensus quam Mentis, sunt ex analogia Hominis, non ex analogia universi. Estque Intellectus humanus instar speculi inaequalis ad radios rerum, qui suam naturam Naturæ rerum immiscet, eamque distortet et inflect." — Liebmann, *Kant*, p. 48.

the essence of each system of philosophy. We may spend years in exploring the course of a river, and we may have in our note-books accurate sketches of its borders, of every nook and corner through which it winds. But for practical purposes we want a geographical map, more or less minute, according to the extent of the area which we wish to survey; and here the meandering outline of the river must vanish, and be replaced by a bold line, indicating the general direction of the river from one important point to another, and nothing else. The same is necessary if we draw, either for our own guidance or for the guidance of others, a map of the streams of philosophic thought. Whole pages, nay, whole volumes, must here be represented by one or two lines, and all that is essential is that we should not lose sight of the salient points in each system. It has been said that every system of philosophy lies in a nut-shell, and this is particularly true of great and decisive systems. They do not wander about much; they go straight to the point. What is really characteristic in them is the attitude which the philosopher assumes towards the old problems of the world: that attitude once understood, and everything else follows almost by necessity. In the philosophy of Kant two streams of philosophic thought, which had been running in separate beds for ages, meet for the first time, and we can clearly discover in his system the gradual mingling of the colours of Hume and Berkeley. Turning against the one-sided course of Hume's philosophy, Kant shows that there is something in our intellect which could never have been supplied by mere sensations; turning against Berkeley, he shows that there is something in our sensations which could never have been supplied by mere intellect. He maintains that Hume's sensations and Berkeley's intellect exist for each other, depend on each other, presuppose each other, form together a whole that should never have been torn asunder. And he likewise shows that the two factors of our knowledge, the matter of our sensations on one side, and their form on the other, are correlative, and that any attempt at using the forms of our intellect on anything which transcends the limits of our sensations is illegal. Hence his famous saying, *Begriffe ohne Anschauungen sind leer, Anschauungen ohne Begriffe sind blind*. ("Conceptions without Intuitions are empty, Intuitions without Conceptions are blind.") This last

protest against the use of the categories with regard to anything not supplied by the senses, is the crowning effort of Kant's philosophy, but, strange to say, it is a protest unheeded by almost all philosophers who follow after Kant. To my mind Kant's general solution of the problem which divided Hume and Berkeley is perfect; and however we may criticize the exact number of the inevitable forms of thought, his Table of Categories as a whole will for ever remain the Magna Charta of true philosophy.

In Germany, although Kant's system has been succeeded by other systems, his reply to Hume has never been challenged by any leading philosopher. It has been strengthened rather than weakened by subsequent systems which, though widely differing from Kant in their metaphysical conceptions never questioned his success in vindicating certain ingredients of our knowledge as belonging to mind, not to matter; to the subject, not to the object; to the understanding, not to sensation; to the *à priori*, not to experience. They have disregarded Kant's warning that *à priori* laws of thought must not be applied to anything outside the limits of sensuous experience, but they have never questioned the true *à priori* character of those laws themselves.

Nor can it be said that in France the step which Kant had made in advance of Hume has ever been retraced by those who represent in that country the historical progress of philosophy. One French philosopher only, whose position is in many respects anomalous, Auguste Comte, has ventured to propose a system of philosophy in which Kant's position is not indeed refuted but ignored. Comte did not know Kant's philosophy, and I do not think that it will be ascribed to any national prejudice of mine if I consider that this alone would be sufficient to exclude his name from the historical roll of philosophers. I should say just the same of Kant if he had written in ignorance of Locke and Hume and Berkeley, or of Spinoza if he had ignored the works of Descartes, or of Aristotle if he had ignored the teaching of Plato.

It is different, however, in England. Here a new school of British philosophy has sprung up, not entirely free, perhaps, from the influence of Comte, but supported by far greater learning, and real philosophical power — a school which deliberately denies the correctness of Kant's analysis, and falls back in the main on the position once occupied by Locke or Hume.

This same school has lately met with very powerful support in Germany, and it might seem almost as if the work achieved by Kant was at last to be undone in his own country. These modern philosophers do not ignore Kant, but in returning to the standpoint of Locke or Hume, they distinctly assert that Kant has not made good his case, whether in his analysis of the two feeders of knowledge, or in his admission of general truths, not attained and not attainable by experience. The law of causality on which the whole question of the *à priori* conditions of knowledge may be said to hinge, is treated again, as it was by Hume, as a mere illusion, produced by the repeated succession of events; and psychological analysis, strengthened by physiological research, is called in to prove that mind is but the transient outcome of matter, that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile. No phosphorus, no thought! is the triumphant war-cry of this school.

In speaking of the general tendencies of this school of thought, I have intentionally avoided mentioning any names, for it is curious to observe that hardly any two representatives of it agree even on the most essential points. No two names, for instance, are so frequently quoted together as representatives of modern English thought, as Mr. Stuart Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer, yet on the most critical point they are as diametrically opposed as Hume and Kant. Mr. Stuart Mill admits nothing *à priori* in the human mind; he stands on the same point as Locke, nay, if I interpret some of his paragraphs rightly, he goes as far as Hume. Mr. Herbert Spencer, on the contrary, fights against this view of human intellect with the same sharp weapon that Kant had used against them, and he arrives, like Kant, at the conclusion that there is in the human mind, such as we know it, something *à priori*, call it intuitions, categories, innate ideas or congenital dispositions, something at all events that cannot honestly be explained as the result of individual experience. Whether the prehistoric genesis of these congenital dispositions or inherited necessities of thought, as suggested by Mr. Herbert Spencer, be right or wrong, does not signify for the purpose which Kant had in view. In admitting that there is something in our mind, which is not the result of our own *à posteriori* experience, Mr. Herbert Spencer is a thorough Kantian, and we shall see that he is a Kantian in other respects too. If it could be proved

that nervous modifications, accumulated from generation to generation, could result in nervous structures that are fixed in proportion as the outer relations to which they answer are fixed, we, as followers of Kant, should only have to put in the place of Kant's intuitions of Space and Time, "the constant space relations, expressed in definite nervous structures, congenitally framed to act in definite ways, and incapable of acting in any other way." If Mr. Herbert Spencer had not misunderstood the exact meaning of what Kant calls the intuitions of Space and Time, he would have perceived that, barring his theory of the prehistoric origin of these intuitions, he was quite at one with Kant.

Some of the objections which Mr. Herbert Spencer urges against Kant's theory of innate intuitions of Space and Time were made so soon after the appearance of his work, that Kant himself was still able to reply to them.* Thus he explains himself that by intuitions he does not mean anything innate in the form of ready-made ideas or images, but merely passive states or receptivities of the Ego, according to which, if affected in certain ways, it has certain forms in which it represents these affections, and that what is innate is not the representation itself, but simply the first formal cause of its possibility.

Nor do I think that Kant's view of causality, as one of the most important categories of the understanding, has been correctly apprehended by his English critics. All the arguments that are brought forward by the living followers of Hume, in order to show that the idea of cause is not an innate idea, but the result of repeated observations, and, it may be, a mere illusion, do not touch Kant at all. He moves in quite a different layer of thought. That each individual becomes conscious of causality by experience and education, he knows as well as the most determined follower of Hume; but what he means by the category of causality is something totally different. It is an unconscious process which, from a purely psychological point of view, might truly be called prehistoric. So far from being the result of repeated observations, Kant shows that what he means by the category of causality is the *sine quâ non* of the simplest perception, and that without it we might indeed have

* See *Das Unbewusste*, p. 187, Kant's *Werke*, ed. Rosenkranz, B. 1, pp. 445, 446.

states of feeling, but never a sensation of *something*, an intuition of *an object*, or a perception of *a substance*. Were we to accept the theory of evolution which traces the human mind back to the inner life of a mollusc, we should even then be able to remain Kantians, in so far as it would be, even then, the category of causality that works in the mollusc, and makes it extend its tentacles towards the crumb of bread which has touched it, and has evoked in it a reflex action, a grasping after the prey. In this lowest form of animal life, therefore, the category of causality, if we may use such a term, would show itself simply as conscious, or at all events, as no longer involuntary, reaction; in human life, it shows itself in the first glance of recognition that lights up the infant's vacant stare.

This is what Kant means by the category of causality, and no new discoveries, either in the structure of the organs of sense or in the working of the mental faculties, have in any way, so far as I can see, invalidated his conclusions that that category, at all events, whatever we may think of the others, is *à priori* in every sense of the word.

Among German philosophers there is none so free from what is called German metaphysical tendencies as Schopenhauer, yet what does he say of Kant's view of causality?

"Sensation," he says, "is something essentially subjective, and its changes are brought to our cognizance in the form of the internal sense only, therefore in time, i.e. in succession.* The understanding, through a form belonging to it and to it alone, viz. the form of causality, takes hold of the given sensations, *à priori*, previous to all experience (for experience is not yet possible), as effects which, as such, must have a cause; and through another form of the internal sense, viz. that of space, which is likewise pre-established in the intellect, it places that cause outside the organs of sense." And again: "As the visible world rises before us with the rising of the sun, the understanding, by its one simple function of referring all effects to a cause, changes with one stroke all dull and unmeaning sensations into intuitions. What is felt by the eye, the ear, the hand, is not intuition, but only the *data* of intuition. Only by the step which the understanding makes from effect to cause, the world is made, as intuition, extended in space,

changing in form, permanent in substance; for it is the understanding which combines Space and Time in the conception of matter, that is, of activity or force."

Professor Helmholtz, again, who has analyzed the external apparatus of the senses more minutely than any other philosopher, and who, in England, and, at all events, in this Institution, would not be denied the name of philosopher, arrives, though starting from a different point, at identically the same result as Schopenhauer.

"It is clear," he says, "that starting with the world of our sensations, we could never arrive at the conception of an external world, except by admitting from the changing of our sensations, the existence of external objects as the causes of change; though it is perfectly true that, after the conception of such objects has once been formed, we are hardly aware how we came to have this conception; because the conclusion is so self-evident that we do not look upon it as the result of a conclusion. We must admit, therefore, that the law of causality, by which from an effect we infer the existence of a cause, is to be recognized as a *law of our intellect, preceding all experience*. We cannot arrive at any experience of natural objects without having the law of causality acting within us; it is impossible, therefore, to admit that this law of causality is derived from experience."

Strengthened by such support from opposite quarters, we may sum up Kant's argument in favour of the transcendental or *à priori* character of this and the other categories in this short sentence:

"That without which no experience, not even the simplest perception of a stone or a tree, is possible, cannot be the result of repeated perceptions."

There are those who speak of Kant's philosophy as cloudy German metaphysics, but I doubt whether they have any idea of the real character of his philosophy. No one had dealt such heavy blows to what is meant by German metaphysics as Kant; no one has drawn so sharp a line between the Knowable and the Unknowable; no one, I believe, at the present critical moment, deserves such careful study as Kant. When I watch, as far as I am able, the philosophical controversies in England and Germany, I feel very strongly how much might be gained on both sides by a more frequent exchange of thought. Philosophy was far more international in the days of Leibniz and

* Liebmann's *Objectiver Anblick*, p. 114.

Newton, and again in the days of Kant and Hume; and much mental energy seems wasted by this absence of a mutual understanding between the leaders of philosophic thought in England, Germany, France, and Italy. It is painful to read the sweeping condemnation of German metaphysics, and still more to see a man like Kant lectured like a schoolboy. One may differ from Kant, as one differs from Plato or Aristotle, but those who know Kant's writings, and the influence which he has exercised on the history of philosophy, would always speak of him with respect.

The blame, however, does not attach to the English side only. There are many philosophers in Germany who think that, since the days of Hume, there has been no philosophy in England, and who imagine they may safely ignore the great work that has been achieved by the living representatives of British philosophy. I confess that I almost shuddered when in a work by an eminent German professor of Strassburg, I saw the most advanced thinker of England, a mind of the future rather than of the present, spoken of as — *antediluvian*. That antediluvian philosopher is Mr. John Stuart Mill. Antediluvian, however, was meant only for Ante-Kantian, and in that sense Mr. Stuart Mill would probably gladly accept the name.

Yet, such things ought not to be: if nationality must still narrow our sympathies in other spheres of thought, surely philosophy ought to stand on a loftier pinnacle.

From The St. James Magazine.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

A TALE BY MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, AUTHORS OF "THE CONSCRIPT," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE following day disclosed that the Rantzeu brothers cared neither more nor less for each other than they had done before.

The cold caused much suffering, and remained very intense until the end of March; but at length, this bitter winter passed over, as all other winters do. The snow melted as soon as hard frosts decreased, when the valley was flooded and street-sweeping commenced. The mills and saw-yards of Father Lazarus were soon again in motion, then the next thing

heard was the early lark warbling his old high ditty in the pale sky, and its song drew our gaze and thoughts upwards.

"Spring! spring again!" was the cry on all lips. In a fortnight or three weeks the slope will be covered with yellow broom and pink heath: the trees will be clad in light green; myriads of buzzing insects will fly about in the warm air; joyous children will lead the cattle to pasture, blowing through their willow pipes, and cutting notches in the young birch-trees, thence to suck out the fresh sap. Then there is the fête of the "Tri maso" coming, when maidens, with green boughs in their bodices, will go from house to house singing that old spring ballad, which no one can understand now-a-days!

Tri maso
Solo mã, et lo trimã
Solo tri maso!

There is not a mountaineer but who can fancy all these things before they occur, and but who, as he stoops under his low door coming home from work does not once say, "I have heard the first lark to-day;" just as people who live in cities say, "I have seen the first swallow."

Nevertheless, March, April, and May are hard to tide over; for grain, fodder, and potatoes have all well-nigh run out, and the early crops have not yet been reaped; but at least it is no longer cold, and gaiety returns before plenty. While things were going on in this manner, (the way they will keep going on for hundreds and thousands of years to come, when we are no more,) fresh reports began to circulate about the country.

Firstly, there was a great report about the Dey of Algiers, who for some time back had been arresting seafarers, and actually selling them in the public slave-markets. This intelligence having spread, it became further known that the wretched man had struck our ambassador on the face with the end of his fan! It was an insult to France.

When Martin the Savoyard came on his usual tour through Chaumes, he sold us sheets of Epinal prints, illustrating the Dey, his slave-market, and his wives, the latter sitting cross-legged like tailors, playing on the guitar.

We were all at once apprized that our fleet had left to claim our unfortunate brother Christians, still kept in prison by the lawless infidels. This news caused universal joy. Every evening after I had done my work at the Mairie, I read the

Moniteur de la Meurthe. Having a map of Africa in my school-room, I next day showed the children all the different places mentioned, and the locality in which the pirates nestled, fancying the condition of our soldiers and sailors on the sea.

We, like every one else, formed fervent wishes for the success of the king's armies. I even took it on myself to offer up morning and evening prayers for the safety of our men, several of whom belonged to our village. I explained to the boys and girls that it was our duty to seek redress, and to assist the suffering. They understood this very well, for it is natural unto all human beings to love justice. Unfortunately, there were heavy gales, and other delays, which created great uneasiness; then there was all the anxiety about the landing of the troops followed by the storming of—not the city, a thing Germans do in civilized countries—but of the forts of Algiers. The barbarians were not behind at defending themselves; they beheaded our wounded men, and excitement increased every day.

There was an old soldier still living at Chaumes, who loved to talk of the Pyramids, Mosques, and places he had seen in the East, when a boy. He chewed tobacco, and went by the name of the "African." His hut at this time was always full of people, who called to obtain information concerning the campaign, for he was a man of experience; my wife, in particular, liked to listen to his talk.

Events dragged on in this way, when at the commencement of July the *Moniteur* contained intelligence that one of the forts had exploded, that the Arabs had fled by a back-gate to the mountains, and that the Dey had escaped with his wives, his convicts, and his live animals.

The news spread in no time, and all cried, "Long live the King!" Triboulet, the tax-gatherer, came through Chaumes in his *char-à-banc*, saying Parliament ought to be dissolved and that we should then have fresh elections. He had in his pocket the address of our Bishop, his grace Forbin-Janson, that ordained public thanksgivings in every parish of the diocese for the victory of the Church over infidels. New missions were also to be set on foot in our departments of the East for the conversion of Jews and Lutherans, a measure which greatly astonished me as neither were at war with us, being our own countrymen.

These old memories are still vivid. I remember, too, very well, that many

among us were greatly dissatisfied with the course of public affairs. Monsieur Jacques, especially, did not hesitate to say that it would be well for the Jesuits to sing their victories when they returned from a fight, but that the victories of France were no concern of theirs; that France fought for justice, not for the triumph of their congregation; and that all they wanted was for people to believe our armies were theirs.

This inconsiderate speech was carried back to Monsieur Jean, who was much vexed, and who had turned very devout since he had been nominated Mayor, neither missing mass nor any of the religious processions. He kept quiet for a time however; but when the first intelligence arrived of the rising of Paris against Charles X., and Nicolas Guette, Jean-Simon, Monsieur Jacques, with five or six other notables, gathered at the "Ox-foot Inn," where they actually sang some of Béranger's pieces, in which the King, the *noblesse*, and clergy were attacked, then only did our Mayor's real character come out.

I and he were alone at the Mairie, and as I happened to remark that really Parisians seemed to respect nothing and care for nobody, he, unable to contain his anger any longer, exclaimed,—

"The rascally set are not all in Paris, I can tell you, Monsieur Florent. There are a few in the remotest villages and who would enjoy nothing so much as standing in open arms to defy the legal authorities. But beware!—beware! Our eyes are wide open; the head of the *gendarmérie* is warned—manacles are ready—that's all I have to say, Monsieur Florent."

I had never seen a more ill-favoured face than that of Monsieur Jean at this moment. It made me shudder to reflect that the hate of this man was still so strong it might lead him to denounce his own brother! I moreover believe he had already informed against him, and that the gendarmes were ordered: but suddenly we heard the Parisians had murdered the Royal Guard; that they were masters everywhere; that Charles X. had fled; and finally, that Louis Philippe of Orleans had been appointed Lieutenant-General of the kingdom.

At about the same time more intelligence reached us. Bishop Forbin-Janson had been driven out of Nancy, where his palace had been ransacked! The day which followed this terrible piece of news saw public fury rage in our place.

The mountaineers rose in all directions; from hour to hour something or other occurred. I, of course, had nothing to do but keep aloof in my school-room.

"In the name of Heaven!" besought Marie-Barbe, "keep out of all this, Florent; say not a word—hold your tongue."

I had not the slightest desire to speak or to take any share in such proceedings. There was not the least fear to be entertained on that head. I should have preferred shutting up. Unfortunately I had to keep everything open, though the better part of my school-room remained empty. The only thing I could not help hearing was,—

"The people from Dâbo are coming!—they mean to settle their accounts with the forest-keepers—they are on the way now—oh, dear! They are already at the 'Grand Soldat!'—they are coming on very fast."

At length, one day, five or six bare-footed lads ran through the village, shouting as they rushed by,—

"Here they are! Here they come!"

I went to the window that looked out in the direction of the slope, and saw them emerge from the wood by hundreds—men, women, and children, armed with guns, pitchforks, and hatchets. They entered the path leading across the hemp-fields, out of which the top of their pitchforks could only be seen; but there was no end of others behind, pouring out of the wood.

The clock just then struck ten, so I sent my scholars home, telling them to run as fast as they could. As soon as I had seen them off I locked our door, and led Paul and Juliett up to my top room.

The head column of mountaineers had already reached the farther end of the village. They were making as much noise as a flight of crows, shouting,—

"The warrants! the warrants! Down with forest-keepers! Down with the *curés*! Down with church-rats, tax-gatherers, and all the others! We are masters now; the wood is all ours! Vive Lafayette!"

They thus proceeded to the Manager-General's, where they destroyed all documents, fancying that would put an end to pursuits, ignoring, poor wretched people, that duplicates of these reports were lying at the Sarrebourg tribunal. They would listen to no one who could have taught them better, but went on in a long line as far as one could see; a varied procession of riotous malcontents in

blouses, jackets, shirt-sleeves, wooden shoes, bare-footed, unkempt, and disfigured by rage.

It was a sultry day and I had closed the shutters, but I could see through the cracks that they filled the whole village. Our anxiety can be fancied, though they bore no ill-will to any but the head-forester. A great hum could be heard in the distance, broken now and then by the crash of window-panes or by doors falling in, and by shouts and quarrelling. My wife shook like a leaf. I did my best to tranquillize her, saying that this was no concern of ours, and that school-masters never came to grief in hubbubs of this description. The little ones had got to a corner, and as I noticed they listened with their eyes wide open, I assumed an unconcerned and indifferent way, inwardly shrinking at every heavy blow at the doors, for I expected our own would burst open next. Neither could I help leaving the room every now and then to lean over the staircase and listen to what was going on outside.

It had long struck twelve, yet no one thought of dinner. At about three I ventured to open the shutters, and saw the ruffianly bands filing off towards the mountain. Some of the men were intoxicated, but the majority were in their right senses, and cried,—

"They are all torn—all burnt. Everything is done away with and paid for. Vive Lafayette!"

I waited full a quarter of an hour, during which they continued to disappear by degrees. My wife now felt a little safer, and picked up enough courage to put bread, cheese, and a little cold meat for the children on the table. We felt it was high time to take something ourselves, for our fright, as well as the sight of the woodcutters, smugglers, coalmen, and the whole set of delinquents swarming over our village, had quite upset us. However, I was very desirous to ascertain what really had happened before I sat down to dinner, and, perceiving that a few loiterers only tarried behind, I walked out.

Our neighbour's mother, Nanette Bouveret, was, as usual, quietly spinning at her door.

"There is nothing to fear," said she, looking up at me; "they have gone. What a clear-out they have made of it!"

This old woman was called the "Jacobine," because her husband had in his day presided at the club of Saint Quirin, under Robespierre. She did not wonder

at any species of goings-on, having seen so great a variety in her lifetime.

"It is beginning all over again—all over again!" she went on, with a chuckle.

Without any questioning she proceeded to tell me that as many of the gang who could get in, had forced themselves into the head-forester's house. Monsieur Botte, having been warned in good time, had escaped by crossing the Saar, and had thus reached the woods of Baraques; but the mountaineers, on finding this out, had smashed the windows and burst the door open, after which they had, with extraordinary fury, torn and burnt all the documents they could lay their hands on.

Our Mayor, Monsieur Jean Rantzau, having come forward to put a stop to the pillage, had been soundly shaken by the ruffians, who called him, out of derision, a "skull-cap," thus alluding to his attachment to the clergy; and they had been bold enough to hold up their doubled fists right under his nose. In fact, he had with great difficulty extricated himself from their hands. Towards two, Monsieur Jacques had come out, and gathered the chief leaders in his yard, where he had bread, cheese, and wine distributed among them in large quantities, and where he promised he would write to Lafayette, and claim for them their old forest privileges. Hereupon they had quietly turned homewards. Granny Nannette's air and tone as she told me all this were quite lively.

I can, however, bear witness that a revolution is a horrible thing, especially up in the mountains, where the unfortunate people, who are entirely ignorant, exact impossibilities and give themselves up to every kind of excess. They are totally devoid of true religion likewise, for no sooner do they think they are rid of gendarmes than they turn round on the clergy, accusing church people, and bringing them down in the most humbling way.

The Dâbo people having once come to Chaumes, it was not unlikely they would return a second time; our enjoyment at this future prospect can be imagined. Luckily they had not time to do so. Louis Philippe of Orleans was immediately elected King of France, and by the very same deputies that Charles X. had been desirous to dismiss. All, who it had been thought were going to be arrested a fortnight before, now came in for exceptional marks of favour. Monsieur Jacques was appointed Mayor in his brother's place; grocer Claudel had the management of

a tobacco-bureau, a thing he had solicited for some time; and though Nicolas Guette had been heard to cry "Vive the Duke of Reichstadt!" he received a pension of one hundred and fifty francs, which modest sum calmed down his enthusiasm for the Emperor's son.

I was afraid I should lose my situation at the Mairie; but Monsieur Jacques, remembering my affection for his son, sent for me, and in presence of the notables, told me that a peaceable, well-informed man, filling the duties of my station as I did, deserved an increase of salary, and that he intended to move at the next municipal council that I should receive the same.

It was a great satisfaction to find things taking a pleasanter aspect, and I expressed my heartfelt thanks to the new Mayor. Some time later he increased my salary by a hundred francs, a very welcome thing indeed.

The mountaineers having commenced felling the timber of the State forests on their own account, the National Guard and troops had to march out against them.

Monsieur Jacques showed great courage on this occasion. He went alone all the way to Dâbo to tell the rebels that if they went on with their work of destruction the better part of the villagers would end in prison. They would not believe it, and went on cutting down brushwood and plantations without discrimination, piling logs up under their sheds in their gardens and outhouses in such quantities that the stacks came up higher than their roofs. They meant to sell it all later at a good price. The consequence was that troops, gendarmes, forest-keepers, and all others whose functions make it incumbent on them that they should lend a strong hand to the authorities, had to surround their villages. It was not difficult to prove their misdeeds, the wood that had been pilfered all standing in full view at the back of their dwellings. Accordingly the people were taken in charge and marched off to Nancy.

There they remained for more than a year, and were then sent to the Court of Assizes, where the ringleaders, those who had torn and burnt the documents, were sentenced to hard labour at Brest or Toulon. The others, those who had only been guilty of picking up wood in the forest, were allowed to return home; but they were ruined for life, and, instead of becoming good peasantry, turned into outlaws and smugglers.

All this misery was caused, in the first instance, by Louis Philippe, who dethroned his benefactor, Charles X., and put himself in his place.

This is the way of the world !

However the curés were most to be pitted. No sooner were two or three to be seen coming along the road, in their black cassocks and three-cornered hats, than there rose among the villagers such a cawing, "Couac ! couac ! couac !" and it was heard from one end of Chaumes to the other. Men, women, and children would join in, the day-labourers putting down their rakes and spades to raise their hands to their mouths and imitate the raven's harsh note.

It is useless, after all this, to maintain that religion exerts much influence over the masses and that the clergy support government. Without being a very clear-sighted man, I am of opinion that if the State did not maintain the clergy, priests would live very poorly and soon leave that profession.

It is a very sad and deplorable case, for true religion is a great blessing ; but a man must be blind, or must have never witnessed a revolution, to ignore that a gendarme's hat produces a very different effect on the peasantry than would that of all the cassocks of a diocese put together.

Monsieur Jannequin bitterly lamented all this on a certain day when we were alone. We had returned from a christening, and I was helping him take off his vestments.

"My dear Monsieur Florent," said he, "what a blow ! I thought I should end my days here in peace. I have never done any one harm, and I believe I have done some little good, yet here I am compelled to look emigration again in the face. This time, however, I will *not* flee ; no, they will have to kill me !"

I was greatly concerned, and replied,—

"No one bears you the slightest ill-will, Monsieur le Curé ; that man would be hardhearted indeed, who felt no kind of love for you."

"Do you not hear the cry of hatred behind our backs ?" he asked. "France is no longer Catholic : she has lost the faith. The Jesuits have killed religion." Then, getting warmer, he went on : "What a mistake it has been, and what a lesson ! When religion becomes a stepping-stone for the ambition of a few insatiable beings — when it has been used to stultify and enslave the people for the sake of an order that is hateful to the up-

right — then does such reaction as we are going through now appear justifiable ; and we, wretched victims, have no right to complain, having been made the partakers of this iniquity !"

This good man's words have always been present to my memory, and I have often since thought of them, pitying our unfortunate curés and attributing the rebellion of the people to the founding of missions, congregations, and the number of different ceremonies we had had to attend for the last fifteen years, all of which Monsieur Jaques, our new Mayor, styled "high comedy."

But these events have passed over long ago, and I trust we shall never see the like again.

CHAPTER IX.

FOR several years after these great perturbations people thought of nothing but making fortunes in all manner of ways. Dealers came from Paris, Nancy, and Strasbourg as far out as our remote villages, where, instead of the old fairs to which our housekeepers were accustomed to repair for the purchase of their stores once a year, these tradesmen sold everything. They even gave credit to those who appeared to be in a position to pay at the end of a few months. It was as if they were absolutely compelled to get rid of their wares at any price.

Newspapers and reviews, called *useful* publications, were founded for the advancement of agriculture, trade, industry, and education. Gentlemen from the cities took our well-being to heart, giving us excellent advice, out of which they made money. New weaving-factories and others were established in our valleys ; forges, hardware and glass manufactures, everything had to work apace.

The Rantzau brothers were more bitter enemies than ever ; but both being active and enterprising, had taken shares in the new foundations, even in those at Schirmeck, and they grew richer and richer.

Monsieur Jacques was soon appointed member of the General Council of our arrondissement, whereas Monsieur Jean refused to be anything, openly siding with legitimate kings and the rights of the holy Church.

No one could tell which of the two was richest, and this became a subject of discussion with beer-house loungers every evening. George and Louise, laden with prizes, returned from school and college every year ; they were considered the wealthiest young people of the country :

both had preserved their old attachment for me. I used to see Louise, growing more handsome and graceful than ever, drive by in her father's *char-à-bancs*; while George, who had inherited his father's eagle-beaked nose, would call out every time he galloped by, "Good-day, Monsieur Florent." He had grown broad and bold; in fact, he was about the same sort of man as his father, only thirty years younger. Sometimes he would draw up at my door, to inquire after my health; and Louise would send me pots of preserves she had taken the trouble to make herself. It was easy to see in these little things that the good children loved their old master, and did not forget him as others had done.

My children grew likewise.

Paul was a gifted lad, but as I had no fortune I did not know what to bring him up to. I had of late been very uneasy about him, when Monsieur Jacques, probably guessing the cause of my sad musings, said, as we were one evening both sitting at the Mairie, he to give me orders and I to receive them, —

"How old is Paul, Monsieur Florent?"

"He is going on for fourteen, Monsieur le Maire."

"Fourteen! What do you mean to make of him? It is time you should think of it."

"I think of it very often, Monsieur le Maire; unfortunately, I don't know; money is wanting for every business career, and . . ."

"Bah!" cried he, "the boy has ability. You are satisfied, are you not, with his application?"

"He has been my best scholar since George left."

Monsieur Jacques rose, walked round the room, looking down on the floor, and with his arms crossed behind him. Then he suddenly stopped, —

"Well!" said he abruptly, "we must try and get him a scholarship at the primary school of Nancy. You have a certain right to this in your capacity as a teacher; and I, as Mayor, can use a little influence in support of your right. George is a good boy, and his personal appearance speaks much in his favour. What say you, Monsieur Florent?"

"I say, Monsieur le Maire," replied I, with tears in my eyes, "that I cannot express all my gratitude — for —"

"Then you accept?"

"It is the wish of my heart."

"Then it is an understood thing. We

have a meeting at Saarbours next week, when the Municipal Council is to vote the supplementary centimes for our primary schools. I will move the subject, and if necessary I will write to our member, Monsieur Chevaudier, — he will be in want of me for the coming elections, — and we are likely to carry our project through."

He said nothing more on the subject, but I felt how much this would be doing for me, and thanked him for his good wishes; but he was a man of bluff disposition, and shortly replied, —

"That is enough, dear Monsieur Florent. I shall exert myself for Paul, because he is a worthy lad; and because I wish to render you a personal service, for you are deserving in every respect." He then left the Mairie, shaking hands with me.

Six weeks later I discovered he had a long arm, for all he had announced came to pass. When Inspector Pitte passed through Chaumes, he examined my boy on grammar, history, and geography. It was from Monsieur Jacques' own lips that I heard Paul was admitted, with a scholarship, to the upper school — news which filled me with joy.

I never should have believed that so harsh a man could take such an interest in me. I only regretted it was not in my power to do anything for him proportioned to the excess of my gratitude. I frequently thought of it, but could come to no conclusion as to the manner of returning so great a favour, neither had I any hope of ever being able to do so.

Paul left home at the end of the holidays. There was henceforth no cause for uneasiness about him, for at each of the Inspector's visits he would congratulate me on his abilities and good conduct; so I was the happiest of men.

Then I began to think about Juliette, who was just twelve, and had to be provided for. No sooner is one source of disquiet over than another arises. Thanks to Heaven, this fresh care was soon dispelled however.

Industry was spreading very fast, and at about this period speculators in embroidery came to our village with everything that was necessary for such delicate work — materials to sew on, thread, designs, &c. They promised a very fair salary to girls who would get on fastest with their needles — from thirty to forty sous per day — but they had to be clever, have good eyes, and sit to their work.

Juliette was one of the first to give sat-

isfaction, and from that time forward I felt easy about her.

Industry and trade would have made still further progress if we had had good roads for travellers and their goods.

Under Charles X., unfortunately, nothing had been thought of but religious processions, expiations, the erection of crosses, laws on birthright and on sacrilege, &c.; the rest had been left to the will of God. Our roads, therefore, were nothing but ruts and hollows, in which stagnant pools lay dormant for weeks and months together. There were not one of our drivers but who daily sunk in up to the middle of his wheels and had to pull his horses out by the bridle, yet not one of them had sense enough to throw in a few stones and a shovelful or two of sand to fill up the gaps; no, indeed, they were afraid this would benefit some one else.

Heavy cartloads, such as clay and grist-stone, for the manufacture of glass and crucibles, often stuck in the middle of the village a good part of winter, so firmly wedged in quagmires of such depth that they could not be extricated before spring.

How many a time have poor travellers in their jolted, smashed vehicles left Chaumes in a perfect fury, calling us insane, and shouting out that we did not understand our real interests! It had no effect; just about as much as if they said nothing at all.

Our curés had recovered from the shock they had undergone in 1830; and now, instead of preaching that men should unite for the purpose of laying filth and rust aside, gave out from the pulpit that this state of dirt preserved us from the corruption of the century; that it was a blessing not to have any roads, and that it was infinitely wiser to be miserable in this world than eternally damned in the other!

This would have lasted for ever if vicinal roads at about this time had not been started all over France, and if the Alsations had not given us an example by opening means of communication between their villages and their neighbours, thus drawing all our trade to themselves.

As it then became obvious that they were getting rich at our expense, a few thought it would not be a bad idea to follow the lead, and make a road for ourselves over the mountains. Monsieur Jacques was the first to declare we wanted a good road leading to the police-office, corn-market, tribunal, and under-prefec-

ture; that it had become indispensable, and he hoped each would willingly contribute his share of the expenses.

Monsieur Jean was alive to the great advantages of a road, as well as his brother; it was plain common sense besides, and as he was very well off, he knew he would be the first to benefit by it; but it sufficed that Monsieur Jacques advocated a novelty for him to set his face against it.

"Our Mayor," said he, with a laugh of scorn, "has set his heart on nothing but roads; he is always in want of roads! What interest can he have in our contributions, in taxing us with supplementary centimes, and laying *corvées* (forced labour) on us? He is making up to the Government, and wants to get the *croix*." He went on in this way for some length, his words being repeated in the village. As the inconsiderate and ignorant are ever in the majority everywhere, the larger portion of the municipal council went over to his side immediately.

Monsieur Jacques was, however, not to be deterred from drawing out his plans, and when fine weather set in he called the Municipal Council together in a meeting at which I was present as Secretary of the *Mairie*.

On that day shouts of anger were heard in the large upper hall at about two in the afternoon. That was the time to see cartwright Dominique Bokion rise and bring his heavy fist down on the table, and give out with bloodshot eyes that the woods of the Counts of Dâbo belonged to *us*; that we were to keep them for ourselves; that, if a road were made, the people from Saarbourg, Blamont, and further on still, would come to fetch our timber, planks, beams, and boards! That our yoke-elm made the best wheels, best ladders, best ploughs; that it would all go out of Chaumes; that our hay, oats, and straw would disappear the same way; that we should have no meat, butter, eggs, or vegetables left, as it would all be sold at Lorquin or Saarbourg; that we should be overrun with business travellers commissioned to sell us paltry cloth, cotton, and inferior utensils, all machine-made, besides adulterated spirits, in return for our excellent products, our good kirsch, our solid, forged tools, our home-spun flax, and woven linen cloth, which lasted twenty times longer than any other.

He delivered all this in a perfect rage, and with the exception of grocer Clauel, every member of the council thought as he did. Monsieur Jacques endeavoured

to interrupt him at each word, but in vain, crying,—

"And the money? The money? If you sell your products you will be paid for them. We have too much timber and no money—timber dries in our woods as it stands."

He could not be heard for stamping and shouting.

"No roads! no contributions! no *corvées*! no supplementary centimes! No, no, no! We don't want to be better off. The others want to get here—they must be kept out—we have roads enough as it is."

From my desk in the corner I admired Monsieur Jacques' pluck; he faced all his antagonists, asking, "Are we to remain in this barbarous condition all our lives? While the neighbouring departments are becoming civilized, are we, of our own free will, to live like wolves in the woods?" At this question the indignation of the municipals increased.

"We are no more wolves than other people," cried the most excited. "We want to keep what belongs to us, and we will not let others come here to rob us."

Monsieur Jacques could obtain nothing on that day, not even a hearing. At five o'clock the affair had not progressed farther than at two.

This delighted Monsieur Jean.

On hearing an account of the proceedings his first words were, "I perceive common sense has not quite abandoned this part of the world. It is all very true. What we want here is religion; we have quite enough money; there are too many good-for-nothings already, who sell their consciences for tobacco-bureaux, the *croix*, and pensions. This vicinal road would be the ruin of the honest, and the glory of thieves."

He laughed outright when he saw Monsieur Jacques go by after the sitting, in pensive mood, on his way home; but our Mayor was not a man to give up after he had set his mind on a thing, and the idea of beating his brother Jean, of humbling him before all the commune, would have sufficed to deter him from going back.

He accordingly went to the under-prefecture the next day and thence to the chief town of our department. Four or five days later he returned from Nancy, and gathered the council together towards one o'clock. Every one of the members attended, all fearing lest contributions and forced labour would be voted in their absence. On entering, Bournic, the wood-merchant, said that Monsieur Claudel

only wanted a road for the sake of getting his wares cheaper; to which Monsieur Claudel retorted that if he did get them cheaper he would sell them cheaper, and this would be benefiting the whole commune; but Bournic could not be made to see this argument, and said Claudel would put the profits in his own pocket.

Just then Monsieur Jacques entered, and a general silence ensued. All took their places; then the Mayor from his armchair at the head of the table made me a sign that I was to take note of the proceedings, stood up, and delivered the following speech:—

"Gentlemen of the Municipal Council, I have given an account of your last debates at the prefecture. The Prefect, his secretary, and council would scarcely believe me. They were very much astonished; but the past being over we will say no more about it.

"Now this is what I have to tell you personally. Our commune annually produces, one year with the other, bad and good put together, an average of 3000 '*cordes*' of timber. The price of forest timber at this present time is eight francs per *corde*. On the opposite side of Saarbours the same quantity fetches twenty-four francs; and if we get a good road we shall be able to charge eight francs extra per carriage-load, which will bring the price of our timber to sixteen francs instead of eight.

"Now, are you willing to have sixteen francs instead of eight? Herein lies all the question.

"I reply in the affirmative, as far as I am concerned, for such a profit as this suits my way of thinking; but if it does not suit yours you are free to leave it alone.

"My house, gentlemen, my fields, meadows, and saw-mills, will all be benefited in the same proportion. There is a great difference between eight and sixteen. When the road is completed everything will fetch double price. I should consider myself a great fool if I refused to see this; however, every man has his peculiar way of looking at things.

"The above reasons have induced me to hand over a vote for the road at the council of our *arrondissement*, and that too, in spite of your protestations, which I knew beforehand would be opposed to this measure. I consider it is an affair of general interest. I—"

This speech was interrupted by cries of indignation; but Monsieur Jacques weathered the storm, pretending not to

hear. When the fury of great Bokion de Bournic was a little exhausted, he continued,—

"If it does not suit you, I say you can send in your resignations; another council will be better disposed to vote what we desire.

"You must see that the *arrondissement* and the department cannot tolerate a handful of people here who, out of obstinacy, set themselves against having a road. The department wants roads; 400,000 people cannot be inconvenienced for the sake of a dozen of the Chaumes peasantry, who don't know what is good for them! France and the department are also in want of planks and boards. We have too many, and shall be well paid for all we can sell. Supposing we were a set of people even more eaten up by prejudice and ignorance than we are now, is that a reason why France should be kept out of this place? In your own interest I advise you to vote what is just; and, as we are to be the gainers, it is but equitable each of us should contribute his share. If you refuse to do so, there are people at the general council who will put down to the charge of our village the same sums paid by other localities, only, instead of your being able to exempt yourselves of this tax by contributing help and by *corvées*, you will have to put your hands in your pockets. Others will be found, fast enough, who are willing to carry sand and stones in return for our money; and as these helps will come from some distance they will be paid higher salaries, to make up for their loss of time going backwards and forwards, morn and noon. Now that the whole thing is made clear to you, choose the course you mean to pursue."

The result of this speech was, that, with the exception of grocer Claudel, all voted against the road. The meeting closed in great tumult.

The road was, however, commenced that same spring. Workmen arrived from the environs, and a fortnight later every man who had a cart of his own at Chaumes, begged to exonerate himself of his share of expenses by supplying stones and sand; others came forward for the *corvées*. The Mayor accepted their help most joyfully; and, towards the end of July the following year, we had, in spite of Monsieur Jean's inward vexation, a splendid vicinal road that went from Chaumes to Saarbourg. It was as solid as iron underground; it was all paved with large stones for the

water to run through; above, came smaller stones and good earth; on the top, sand and pebbles; and there were gutters, right and left, a foot deep. It was slightly curved instead of being quite flat, and no better road has ever been made since, for it is still in excellent condition, though it was begun over five and thirty years ago.

George was to complete his studies that same year. His father had often spoken of him with great satisfaction, saying he had given up all idea of becoming a forester, and meant to learn the timber trade as soon as he left college. Within the last two years Monsieur Jacques had been getting aged; he had rheumatism in his left leg, which sometimes kept him indoors, and the idea of seeing his son succeed him in the business quite comforted him.

Towards the end of August we were one evening sitting over supper when we heard a stranger's footfall on our stairs. I was somewhat surprised, as no one ever looked in at so late an hour. Juliette rose to see who it was, when the door opened and our Mayor in person stood before us.

"It is I; do not let me disturb you, Monsieur Florent. I have to beg you will go with me to Phalsbourg to-morrow. It is the distribution of prizes at George's college, and he writes to say he should like to take from your hands the wreath that is to be awarded to him. I thought you might like to accompany me."

"Indeed I shall be most happy, Monsieur le Maire."

I offered him a chair, but he would not sit down, and said,—

"Then you will come? I shall fetch you at six in the morning. We will drive to Phalsbourg in the *char-à-bancs* and make a day of it." He chuckled in joyful anticipation of the morrow, adding, "Good bye, Madame Florent."

I was going to show him down, but he stopped me, saying he could find the way out all alone.

Juliette held the light on the top of the staircase, and when he had left we were very much astonished, for Monsieur le Maire had never put his foot in our house before.

My wife laid my clothes out before she went to bed, and I and Monsieur Jacques started, as we had settled, the following morning.

I had never seen him in such excellent spirits. His *char-à-bancs*, drawn by two little nimble steeds, flew on as fast as the

mail-post. The Mayor looked at his watch every now and then, exclaiming,—

"Here we are, I declare, at Nitting; here we are at Hesse! We should not have done this in two hours before the road was made, and we have not been fifty minutes! We shall be at Phalsbourg before ten!"

The landscape was lovely; for the reapers were harvesting, and innumerable quantities of golden corn, bound in sheaves, rose over the fields. The good people turned round and stopped in the middle of their work to look at us go by.

"Hé!" cried Monsieur Jacques, touching up his horses, "one can get along now; there is no one wanted to push the wheels forward, eh?"

"Oh no, Monsieur le Maire," answered they; "we are getting on splendidly."

At ten o'clock we reached Phalsbourg, and Monsieur Jacques pulled his watch out for the last time.

"Now what did I tell you?" he asked. "We have done it in four hours, and it would have taken us ten or twelve a year ago. We should still be sticking over head and ears in the mire if my brother Jean's ideas had been carried out. Al-lons! here is Mother Antoni coming to welcome us. Hue!"

The *char-à-bancs* was crossing the principal square that was full of people, and we stopped in front of the Bâle inn. The relatives of the college students from Alsace and Lorraine, their fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers all stopped here. In this period of vicinal roads and new prosperity the Bâle inn, therefore, did a large business. It cost no less than thirty sous to get a dinner there; but the great carriers, the business travellers, and land-owners of the environs, who had their stand under the entrance, or in the courtyard of this large establishment, did not mind expense.

Madame Antoni, a fine, dark, buxom matron, in a high white cap, ran out, exclaiming,—

"So here you are, Monsieur le Maire! coming again to see your young man take his prizes? Kaspar, Kaspar, come and attend to Monsieur le Maire's horses. Quick! Of course you will dine here, Monsieur Rantzau?"

"I shall, Madame Antoni, between two and three o'clock, after the prizes. You will lay covers for three."

"Oh! I'll settle that nicely. I will see you are attended to."

Madame Antoni was a woman of uncommon energy. She was wonderfully

active, for her husband, Monsieur Antoni, did nothing but smoke his pipe and drink white wine. How did she conduct such a tremendous concern as that inn all alone, how did she look over the cooks and lodgings, supervise the attendance, and never forget a single thing in such a state of high pressure? I can only say she was a very clever woman. She had scarcely left us when the servant came to lead our horses to the stable, then we shook the dust off our coats and went to the college, where George had been looking out for us the whole morning.

I shall not relate all that took place on this day; nothing about the college, the head master, the professors, the students, the speeches, nor the ceremony of the distribution of prizes. It would be too long a story. Let each fancy the best thing he has seen in this line; the military music, the fathers and mothers sitting in the hall, and shedding tears of emotion when they placed the wreaths that were passed to them on the brows of their children. Let each fancy George, now a great boy, with a slight moustache and beard like his father's. Any one can imagine him coming up to embrace me with glistening eyes when I gave him his prize with my blessing, and placed a beautiful oaken wreath on his forehead.

Such touching scenes cannot be described. And then, to think I had had that boy in my school, he who had become one of the best scholars among the philosophers, and who still remembered me, I was beside myself—and I could not help admitting there are happy days in a lifetime after all.

This was one of them. George carried off the French prize for elocution, and the prize for Latin discourse, also the prizes for natural history, geography, and mathematics; he knew ten times more than I did, and was a *savant*!

That is what it is to have a wealthy father who does not look at the money he spends on his son's education. How many unfortunate young men there are in this world who are gifted with sterling abilities, and who, with a little outlay, would become both useful and remarkable members of society; but who, all means failing, turn out dangerous beings, good for nothing, but finding fault with everything. When such as these compare themselves to men placed above them, they naturally feel their superiority and pick everything to pieces, showing this bad example to others beneath them, who are soon led away. I had noticed

this all my life, more particularly in 1830, when the mountaineers rose against the foresters. I now maintain that for want of grafting, the most promising and the healthiest fruit sapling will bear nothing but sour berries.

When the distribution was over we went straight to the inn laden with books and wreaths. "That's the old school-master! That's the father!" I heard people say on all sides, and felt very proud.

Then we dined — such a dinner! There was no end to it. Big Alsations turned about Monsieur Jacques all the time while he sat in his glory, ordering all sorts of wines — claret, burgundy, and even champagne! I did not know what I was drinking at length, and had we not been obliged to keep up our dignity after our triumphs, I really think we should have sung. I who had never sung anywhere but in the choir, and who had never danced in my life, I could have sung and danced too. I laughed without knowing why, and embraced my pupil in fits of effusion.

There is nothing extraordinary in a man being a little too merry once in fifty years, he has gone through a good deal of trouble and misery in that time, and one happy day out of the number is a thing long to be remembered. It was five when Monsieur Jacques settled the reckoning, and paid, I do not know how much. We then left Phalsbourg with George, carrying all his things with us, for he was leaving college for good.

Thank God, Monsieur le Maire's eyesight was not at all troubled. If I had had to drive we should have gone clear over the parapet of the bridge. When we were once out in the open air, however, I began to recover, and finding that the horses were galloping along through the fields, I said within myself, "Florent, my good friend, you can pride yourself on having taken a little over your usual measure for once."

At Saarbourg I was all right again.

As to George, he was delighted to have finished off at college with all the honours, and to see me enjoy myself. All the way back to Chaumes I did nothing but talk, recalling the most unimportant circumstances of his boyhood; how he had learnt to spell; how he had formed his first upstrokes; and how he had put his figures down on the slate. In fact, I left nothing untold, and George went on saying he remembered it all very well.

Monsieur Jacques whipped up the

horses in high glee; now and then shouting out, "We have gained five prizes; our name will be mentioned in the *Moniteur de la Meurthe*; how we are getting along! Hue!"

It only took us three hours to reach Chaumes. The *char-à-bancs* stopped about three minutes in front of my door. I got down, shook hands, and had not gone up more than two steps before I heard it rattling off again through the village.

I kissed my wife as if I had not seen her for three years — and laughed.

Marie-Barbe was quite surprised. Fortunately, I reflected it had never been a habit of mine to go on in this way. I understood how the matter stood, put on my old clothes, and sat down with much gravity to tell my wife and Juliette, who had just come home, all the occurrences of this memorable day. Both shared my joy.

I went to bed that night without any supper, and slept like a top until seven the following morning, when my wife had to wake me up for school.

The events of this happy day being now recorded, I must get on with my story, for one chapter is no sooner over than another begins.

From Chambers' Journal.
MALINGERING.

OF the art of simulating disease, with view to escape some irksome duty, which is familiarly known as "malingering," many curious examples are related. The principal qualities necessary in a good simulator are acute powers of observation, a talent for mimicry, some knowledge of human nature, and great tenacity of purpose. The last-named quality is usually the only one to which the common type of malingerer can lay claim. To assume a simple rôle, such as inability to hear, or articulate, or move a limb, and doggedly to stick to it, often in the face of the plainest exposure of the fraud, is all that he considers necessary. But the higher class of practitioners take a much more enlightened and ambitious view of the requisites of their art. Some of them evince a power of observing the minuter manifestations of disease which would not discredit a practitioner of the healing art, joined to a faculty of imitation which would enable them at least to earn a livelihood in some departments of

histrionic art. As a rule, over-acting is the common æsthetic vice of simulators. The sham paralytic, though he shows no difficulty in protruding his tongue, will turn it a trifle too much to one side; the spurious lunatic will be much too inconsequential in his ideas and actions; the counterfeit deaf-mute fails not only to recognize the loudest sounds, but even the vibrations of the sound-wave produced by striking a resonant body on which he may be standing, to which a real deaf-mute is never insensible. But some are able to render the characteristic symptoms of particular maladies with remarkable fidelity. One of the most extraordinary cases of successful simulation on record is one which, despite modern facilities of detection, occurred in recent years. This artist, who, up to last year, was a frequent inmate in one or other of the London hospitals, visiting some of them more than once, shewed his confidence in his own powers by selecting one of the most difficult parts presented in the whole range of disease. To feign paralysis of one half of the body, which he frequently did, is not so uncommon a thing; but his leading part was tetanus, a condition in which the muscles are thrown into a state of violent and continuous contraction. Some medical jurists had, indeed, pronounced it impossible to simulate this affection with even tolerable accuracy. To do so must require not only extraordinary command over the muscular system, but must involve a very considerable and constant expenditure of physical energy, with great discomfort, through a weary succession of restless days and sleepless nights. In spite, however, of all these difficulties and inconveniences, this man rendered the part so well as to deceive the practised eyes which watched him. At first, as was to be expected, his acting contained a few mistakes; but these were often considered merely anomalous deviations from the usual course of the disease, which rendered his case in a medical view all the more interesting. Like a careful artist, however, he gradually perfected himself in his part. Anything which in one hospital he gathered not to be strictly according to rule, was rectified on his appearance at another, until, it is said, he could render the disease from its onset through the different gradations of symptoms from slight to grave with almost faultless fidelity. One would like to know something of the thoughts of the rascal when a learned professor on one occasion delivered a

clinical lecture to his students on his very interesting case. He must have needed all the artistic satisfaction which he experienced to enable him to brave the discomforts of his position. How he stood the variety of active treatment to which he was subjected, is something wonderful. Enormous quantities of powerful drugs, including some very potent poisons, were administered internally, while his head and back were kept externally at something like the temperature of an iceberg. On one occasion his death appearing imminent, the services of the chaplain were called in, and the sufferer viewed his approaching end with patience and Christian fortitude. He proceeded to settle his worldly affairs, made his will, in which he considerably left a round sum, "free of legacy duty," to the hospital which sheltered him, not forgetting also the physician's assistant who had charge of him. In return for so much consideration, the hospital authorities looked well after his comforts, allowed him any quantity of stimulants, with soups specially procured for him. His career at this institution was at last put an end to by one of his previous dupes happening to call and expose him. It is probable that this genius, after a very successful run on several metropolitan boards, is now starring it in the provinces.

The way in which artists in disease have occasionally been balked of their hard-earned success, after they had all but attained it, must have not a little tantalized them. A seaman of the navy feigned a chronic decline so well that he was on the point of being discharged when the real nature of his disease was very unexpectedly elucidated. The mail from the seaport at which the man was in hospital had been robbed, and the letters broken open with a view to search for money. The burglars were captured, however, and the letters recovered. Among them was one from the sick seaman to his wife, in which he told her his scheme had succeeded, that he was to be invalided on a certain day, and desiring her to make good cheer against his arrival. The feelings of the malingerer may be imagined when his own letter was read to him. A soldier who avowed that he had lost the power of locomotion was detected by a very simple *ruse*, after other means had failed. The doctor gently tapped at the window of the room in which the paralyzed man was sitting alone after dark, at the same time softly calling his name, when he at once appeared at the

window. "How long have you been dumb, my friend?" said a passenger on shipboard once to a pretended mute. "Three weeks, sir," replied the incautious simpleton. An old device of army surgeons, in suspicious cases of deafness, was to commence a conversation in a high tone, and gradually to lower the voice to an ordinary pitch. A common malingerer would probably continue to reply to the questions put, from not observing the alteration. The most remarkable example on record of success in simulating deaf-dumbness (or deafness from birth) is that of a Frenchman, best known under his assumed name of Victor Foy, at the beginning of the present century. This young man travelled about, ostensibly in search of his father, but really, in his character of a deaf-mute, to escape military conscription. For four years his extraordinary ingenuity baffled all the tests to which he was subjected by some of the most scientific men in France, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, and Italy. In Switzerland he was tempted to avow the deceit by a young, rich, and beautiful woman offering him her hand; but even this bait did not take. In the prison at Rochelle, the turnkey was ordered to watch him closely, to sleep with him, and never to quit him; and even the prisoners were encouraged to make him betray himself. To throw him off his guard, he was often violently awakened out of sleep, but his fright was expressed only in the usual plaintive cry of a mute; and it is said that even in his dreams only guttural sounds were heard. At last, the Abbé Sicard, director of the institution for deaf-mutes at Paris, to whom a specimen of his writing had been transmitted, promptly pronounced him an impostor, on the ground that his blunders in spelling were phonetic in their character—that he wrote, not as he saw, but as he *heard*. M. Sicard afterwards subjected him to a personal examination, at the end of which he was obliged to confess the imposition.

A very simple incident will often suffice to throw a good simulator off his guard. The letter-carrier, on entering a French barrack-room on one occasion, called out the names of the men for whom he had letters, and among them that of a man believed by everybody to be labouring under almost total deafness. For one moment he forgot his part, and answered to his name. Casper, the celebrated German medical jurist, on one occasion neatly exposed a case of counterfeit deaf-

ness in open court. The panel, an old woman, pretended to be as deaf as a post. "You are accused," roared Casper in her ear, "of severely injuring the woman Lemke." "It is not true." "But," roared Casper again, "the woman Lemke asserts that it is true," and then rapidly added in a low tone, "and she is certainly not a liar." Her wrath for a moment got the better of her consistency, and she rejoined, to the amusement of the whole court: "Yes, indeed, she *is* a liar." Possibly the nationality of the hero of the following incident is chargeable with the impulsive imprudence which betrayed him. An Irish army recruit who had suddenly lost his hearing was sent into hospital, and put, by the doctor's order, on spoon-meat. For nine days the latter in his visits passed the deaf man's bed without seeming to notice him; on the tenth day, after examining the state of his tongue and pulse, he asked the attendant what kind of food the patient was getting. On being told he was on spoon-meat, he affected to be very angry. "Are you not ashamed of yourself?" said he to the nurse. "The poor fellow is almost starved to death. Let him at once have a beef-steak and a pint of porter." "God bless your honour!" blurted out the deaf recruit; "you are the best gentleman I have seen for many a day!" Under the influence of strong emotion of any kind, only a limited class of malingerers have sufficient self-command to play their parts. An amusing example of the way in which, in the heat of passion, every vestige of pretence is sometimes thrown away, is related by a surgeon of the navy, to whose experiences we have already been indebted. A seaman on board a frigate, who pretended to be totally blind, and was believed to be so, was on one occasion allowed to go on shore with an attendant to lead him. The pair happened to quarrel, and come to blows; when the blind man, finding himself unduly handicapped, instantly regained his sight, and got the better of his astonished guide. The latter took to flight, was pursued through a great part of the town by his late protégé, and finally got a severe drubbing from him. The application of the cat-o'-nine-tails next day to the back of the impostor, effectually cured him of any further tendency to defect of vision.

The amount of fortitude—call it obstinacy, if you will—displayed by some of this class of impostors is something amazing. Day and night they will remain in

the most constrained and irksome positions. For weeks, and even months, men have sat and walked with their bodies bent double. A man feigning palsy of the lower limbs was placed by himself in a room with food which he could reach only by walking to the place where it was laid, and at the end of two days he had not tasted it. Another, simulating paralysis of the arm, allowed the amputating knife to be placed beneath it, and would have submitted to the operation for its removal. A soldier counterfeiting blindness was placed on the steep bank of a river, and ordered to march forward, which he unhesitatingly did, and fell into the stream. The medical writer who relates this case queries whether the cheat would have gone forward had a precipice instead of a river been before him. No doubt these may be called exceptional instances of fortitude, as the great majority of malingerers are made of more commonplace stuff. A mere hint from a navy surgeon that an equivocal complaint would be benefited by transference to an African climate, or the application of the actual cautery, has been the means of effecting a miraculously rapid cure. A French physician, after watching a spurious epileptic fit for some time, put his hand on the heart of the cheat, and turning to the attendants, said: "It is all over with him; carry him to the dead-house." Immediate resuscitation was the result, and the man never had another attack. A Shetland clergyman was greatly annoyed at the weekly occurrence of a kind of contagious convulsions which attacked many of his congregation in church. At length the good man hit on a plan which put a speedy termination to the infliction. He announced from the pulpit that he had learned that no treatment was so efficacious as an immediate ducking in cold water; and as his kirk was fortunately contiguous to a fresh-water lake, the proper hydropathic treatment could always be secured. It is a most unfortunate coincidence for the malingerer that the means which would be the most beneficial in the treatment of the real disease are often the most distasteful to him.

The difficulties and discomforts to be endured in this department of art in attaining the desired object, no doubt enhance the enjoyment of it in those few cases in which success at last crowns their labours. A convict sentenced to seven years' penal servitude kept his right knee bent so as not to touch the

ground with his foot during all that period, and, on account of his infirmity, was exempted from the usual kinds of convict labour, and employed at work which he could do in a sitting posture. When being discharged at the expiry of his period of involuntary service, he coolly observed to an official: "I will try to put down my leg: it may be of use to me now." He was as good as his word, threw away his crutch, and walked off with a firm step! With some, the temptation to give an airing to the little secret which they have been obliged to keep so long, and which has stood them in such good part, is wholly irresistible. Without this flaunting of their imposture in the face of their victims, some rascals would deem their triumph only half achieved. A trooper who pretended he had lost the use of his right arm, after resisting for a length of time the most testing hospital discipline, at last succeeded in procuring his discharge. When he was leaving the regiment, and fairly seated on the top of the coach, he waved the *paralytic* arm in triumph, and cheered at the success of his stratagem. An Irish soldier, reported unfit for service from loss of power of the lower limbs, arranged for a more dramatic avowal of his deceit. Having obtained his discharge, he caused himself to be taken on a field-day in a cart to the Phoenix Park, Dublin, in front of his regiment, which was drawn up in line. He had the cart driven under a tree, on which he hung his crutches, jumped suddenly with agility out of the cart, sprang three times from the ground before the faces of his astonished comrades, then turned his back to the regiment, and after a series of expressive gestures, which we cannot particularly describe, scampered off at full speed! In a case of deception once practised in a New York court of sessions, there seems to have been no pre-arrangement of the dénouement which occurred. A man who had been for some time in prison awaiting his trial for perjury, had a paralytic seizure a few days before the period fixed for the trial, and one of his sides was thus rendered completely powerless. In this helpless condition he was carried on a bed from prison into court. During the trial he became so faint that a recess was granted to enable him to recover, the prosecuting attorney kindly lending his assistance in conveying him out of court. The sight of an infirm fellow-being trembling on the brink of the grave had a visible influence on the court and the jury. The

evidence, however, was conclusive, and the jury convicted him. The court, in view of his speedily being called to a higher tribunal, instead of sentencing him to the state prison, simply imposed a small fine, which his brother, who manifested the utmost fraternal solicitude, promptly paid. The next day the prosecuting attorney met the fellow apparently in good health on the street. The latter laughingly told him that he had recovered, and dropping his arm, and contracting his leg, hopped off, leaving the learned counsel to his own reflections.

It is, however, a rare thing nowadays for a clinical artist to attain his end and enjoy the full fruition of his labours. In most cases he has no other reward than the pleasure received from the exercise of his art. This æsthetic satisfaction would need to be great to enable him to bear even the prosaic hardships and discomforts of his lot. But in addition to these, he is sometimes overtaken by a species of poetical justice in the shape of a penalty paid in kind. The feigned disease, in fact, occasionally becomes a real one. Montaigne mentions some curious instances of this occurring within his own experience. It is chiefly in simulating the class of nervous diseases that the danger lies of this avenging Nemesis. The continued repetition of the manifestations of the affection seems eventually to make an ineradicable impression on the nervous centres. Two French sailors taken prisoners by the English in the wars of the First Napoleon, successfully feigned insanity for six months, and at the end of that period got the reward of their clever deception by recovering their liberty; but it was at the expense of their reason, which was really gone. The means adopted to simulate one disease have sometimes produced another of a more serious kind. Soldiers have so persistently kept up a state of irritation in a factitious sore as to bring on a disease which required amputation of the limb. Others have lost their sight by the methods taken to induce a temporary inflammation in the eye. The historian Robertson mentions a case which, whether true or not, is, at all events, physiologically possible. He says that Pope Julius III. feigned sickness to avoid holding a consistory, and in order to give the greater colour of probability to his illness, he not only confined himself to his apartment, but changed his diet and usual mode of life. By persisting in this plan, however, he contracted

a real disease, from which he died in a few days.

From The Spectator.

THE LITERARY SIN OF SINGULARITY.

WHY is it that most people are affected in a curiously unpleasant way, — unpleasant and irritating, but without either the anguish or the solacement of great and dignified pain, by what is new-fangled? This adjective we take to indicate innovation which is unnecessary, capricious, and accompanied by no demonstrable improvement upon what went before. Is the unpleasantness of arbitrary innovation due to a lurking conservatism in every breast, which instinctively throws the *onus probandi* upon him who substitutes the new for the old? Or is it that mere habit, and the profound, though unreasoned wisdom of keeping the inevitable friction of life at a *minimum*, lend a charm to the old as compared with the new? Even if it were allowed that habit makes fools of us, yet habit's fools are too numerous to be despised; and the fools of habit have as much right to their prejudices as the coxcombs of the schools to their affectations. What is quite certain is, that sudden change from what we are accustomed to, unless pointedly for the better, is fidgetting; and no man can be pronounced without qualification a public benefactor, who adds to the fidgets of existence. An amount of deference to the feelings of the majority, rigorously limited, no doubt, by the requirements of duty and self-respect, but still considerable, falls within the claims of social courtesy. A lawyer's wig may be an extremely foolish thing, and anyone setting forth that it has neither utility nor beauty would, if he spoke well, deserve a hearing; but were a sucking barrister to start up suddenly in court and commence pleading a case without a wig, no degree of rationality in the proceeding itself, no engaging audacity of countenance or splendour of hair, would preclude his being voted a prig.

It must be admitted that authors of great genius have not always been sufficiently regardful of what we stoutly maintain to be one of the rights of man, the right not to be fidgetted. Mr. Carlyle, for example, has in all his books paraded certain German mannerisms, with merciless unconcern for the habitudes of common English readers. All substantives, for

one thing, or almost all, were initiated with capital letters, a usage peculiarly unfortunate for Mr. Carlyle, whose metaphors are those of a poet, and who was under no temptation to personify the beautiful with the assistance of a big B. Mr. Carlyle, however is not only a man of genius, but a man whose genius is recognized as a special, personal quality, and there is some fairness therefore in looking upon him as a privileged person. Younger men who have not proved themselves to possess transcendent genius, have no right to give themselves airs. It may in all candour be doubted whether the meaning of some of these would not generally be clear enough, without our being informed that the realities of which they treat are "objective," or the ideas they define "subjective." Philosophical precision may be promoted by the use of the terms "egoistic" and "altruistic," but a good many of the budding sages who perpetually introduce them might make shift with our old-fashioned friends, "selfish" and "unselfish." Occasionally the pedantry takes the form of fastidious exclusiveness put in force against a particular word. The adjective "reliable," for instance, has of late been fiercely ostracised by our literary coxcombs, and it requires some boldness in a writer to decline to substitute for it in every connection the word "trustworthy." Both are excellent words, but in meaning they are not absolutely identical. There is a faint shade of difference between the significance of the one and the significance of the other. You speak of an official trustworthy in all situations, and of a soldier reliable in every emergency. The one word leans on permanence and the qualities which create deliberate confidence, the other is suggestive of qualities required in startling difficulty and sudden danger. Of the two, however, "reliable" strikes us as the more comprehensive. You speak of a trustworthy merchant, but of a reliable man. Even if it is insisted that the two words mean the same thing, we refuse to admit that one of them ought to be on that account drummed out of the language. English, as compared, for example, with German, is not particularly rich in terms, and a variation of sound is sometimes only a less advantage than an additional touch of meaning.

Mr. John Morley is no literary coxcomb or dainty academical pedant, and has something much better than crotchety egotism by which to command the attention of readers; but in perusing his forci-

ble volumes on Rousseau, we have been conscious of a perpetual small irritation from his elaborate scorn for some of those modes or usages which, to the best of our knowledge, have been uniformly observed by English authors. Mr. Morley denies the capital letter to a number of words which have always been so honoured. Not only does he write "trinity" and "christian," but "god." We have "belief in god," "love of god," "the idea of god," "the word of god," the "supreme being." The word "god" is thus printed in phrases taken from the Bible. Mr. Morley remarks, for example, that "in the old ages of holy men there were not a few whom love for the god whom they had not seen, constrained to active love of their brethren whom they had seen," an antithesis borrowed from the New Testament. The term is constantly occurring in Mr. Morley's pages, and whenever it occurs, a minute prick of surprise and irritation will certainly be experienced by a large proportion of English readers.

On the mere ground that it is new-fangled, this innovation is objectionable, but we venture to affirm that it lies open to graver exceptions than can be based on its uncalled-for newness. Is Mr. Morley sure that the usage he adopts is in a grammatical sense correct? Does the word "god" convey the meaning which, in some cases at least, he must intend it to bear? He is doubtless of opinion that belief in a living God is so completely obliterated from the minds of men that the word is a mere cipher for certain abstract notions, as the word "freedom" or the word "patience" is a cipher for certain abstract notions. He infers, therefore, that the word "God" is not a proper name. His premiss we need hardly say, appears to us as wild as well as false assumption; but even if it were correct, there remains a sense in which the word is a proper name. There is none other by which to designate the object of worship revered by Christians, as distinguished from Mahometans, Jews, or Chinese. Mr. Morley may say that there are no Christians; but even he will admit that there *once* were; and he has left himself no term by which to specify the Divinity, worshipped by St. Paul and St. Bernard. He must have recourse to some such ugly circumlocution as "the christian god." The Being referred to in the Biblical phrases which Mr. Morley quotes — the Being worshipped in Europe in the mediæval time — is, on any showing, as real as the mythological personages of the

Iliad; and Mr. Morley recognizes their designations as proper names. He does not degrade his Aphrodite into aphrodite. In like manner, he speaks not of mars, but of Mars. The only ground on which Mr. Morley's usage can be grammatically defended is that the Christian God is a more purely imaginary entity than any of those which Homer or Virgil celebrated. The only name by which the former has ever been designated in literature is derived from the appropriation, in a specific sense, of the generic term "god"; and in its specific application it becomes a proper name.

It can hardly be a matter of conscience with Mr. Morley to refuse to print the word "God." The mind cannot grasp the idea of duty as absolutely enjoining a man to exhibit disrespect of what, to him, are vanishing or vanished illusions. If he was free to adopt a different course from that which he has chosen, civility and a reasonable consideration for his readers might have pleaded persuasively in favour of the common usage. It is one which is endeared to the English public by associations which it is not, we trust, cant to call sacred. It is the usage of the Bible, of the Prayer-Book, of every-day correspondence, of the newspaper press, of universal English literature. To dismiss the word "God" from literature would be to initiate a great change. Not only is it the sole designation of the God of the New Testament; it has the largest generic application, as well as this specific appropriation, for it indicates more comprehensively than any other term the monotheistic element in all religions. It is on the strength of a common use of this word that Her Majesty's Indian subjects can remonstrate with the Archbishop of Canterbury when he calls them heathens. Every one acquainted with Greek and Latin authors must have remarked that, though they ordinarily speak of a crowd of gods, they have a way also of speaking of God, when they refer to no one god in particular. A spontaneous belief in one God seems to have constituted the natural and universal religion of mankind. The All-Father whom the old Germans worshipped in their woods was in like manner a monotheistic conception. A usage which appeals to the faith and the sympathy of the whole human race in the present and in the past ought not to be flippantly cast aside.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
GODCHILDREN.

To renounce the devil and all his works on behalf of a full-grown and pious individual would be an enterprise sufficiently hazardous; but to do so in the name of an infant, over whose destinies one is likely to have not the slightest control, is one of those things that merit consideration, and which, generally speaking, obtain none. You become godfather as you become juryman or sheriff, with a thought only to the present discomfort of the thing and not recking the responsibilities that will surely dog you from the moment you have stammered, "I renounce them all." And here, be it noticed, we allude only to the Nemesis which will keep its attentive eye on you in this world, having nothing to say as to what may await you under other conditions of being. To begin with, then, it may be observed that there are certain men especially marked out for the visitation of sponsorship. Be sure that so soon as you have settled down into a snug form of existence—bachelor quarters, a teapot of your own, and occasional returns on dividend day—an appeal will be made to you to confer your name on a lusty little object bawling itself hoarse in swaddling clothes. You must certainly at some time or other have a cousin or a friend with a baby, and to disregard his invitation would argue a strength of mind and hardness of heart of which few men are capable. The French, who are a great people for forms, used to surround the functions of godfather with peculiar and costly terrors. The ceremonial cost a mint of money, and was attended with an amount of racing about among vestries and bon-bon shops which inspired harrowing reflections during many a month afterwards. In England, you could formerly get clear of your scrape with the gift of a caudle-cup to the mother; of a silver knife, fork, and spoon to the baby; but civilization, which does so much towards improving everything, has suppressed the caudle-cup and inaugurated claret-jugs, tea-urns, or coffee services; while it is a pleasure to remark that the knives, forks, and spoons, which used to be trifling objects of insignificant value, have been growing more artistic and presentable and dearer every year. If your godchild be a boy, you may occasionally rely upon a partner in your misery; but not always, for certain fathers have contracted the habit of themselves acting as second sponsors, which leaves you the undivided honour of fee-

ing the parson, beadle and clerk; of bestowing a gratuity on the wet-nurse, and of paying for all the vehicles which have transported an enthusiastic tribe of female relatives to the church. However, every year has its wet days, and if you have been admired for your generosity, praised for your good-nature, and have surmounted the kissing of the baby, you may go to bed with the idea that this sort of thing does not occur every day. No; but eleven months after, or near abouts, it cannot but gratify you to be invited to the celebration of your godson's birthday, and to be assured that the dear child is growing so lovable and intelligent in every way. This suggests a second present, and what can you give? The dilemma begins to loom ahead clear and unavoidable. If you offer something valuable this year you must continue to do so every year under pain of being thought to evince a diminishing interest in an innocent child who has done nothing to deserve neglect; if, on the other hand, you pay your respects with a fluff ball or a few sticks of barley sugar, how escape the humiliating conviction that your best friend will regret not having confided the office of godfather to a person more regardful of the decencies of life and of the obligations incurred at the font? Be a man under such circumstances; remember that you can do very well without that new double-barrelled breech-loader you had set your heart on; and go to the jeweller, who will help you to select something chaste and appropriate, highly suitable for a wedding or birthday present. Of course, if you are suspected to be very well off, this will not always be deemed enough. Certain sponsors, imbued with the responsibilities of their mission, invest a fixed sum in the funds every year in their godchildren's names; and you may generally venture upon a similar course without any fear that cold water will be thrown on so happy an idea. At this time, though, you may count upon a period of comparative immunity. You pay your yearly tribute, send a gift of grapes and a note of congratulation when your little protégé recovers from the measles; but no extra taxation will be laid upon you till towards the tenth birthday. The godson is then growing apace; he is blessed with an appetite which may cause you to meditate upon those sinful lusts of the flesh which he was to be free from; and his parents display an affectionate anxiety for consigning him to a school-master, hinting, as they announce this, how generously another godfather has

behaved to dear Harry (dear Harry is your godson's brother), for whom a nomination has been obtained at the Bluefriars' school regardless of expense. At this don't frown, or wish anybody off to Beersheba; for, after all, why should your poor little wretch of a godchild be compelled to hang his head among his brethren at possessing a curmudgeon godfather? Set off at once for Redfriars School, which is a more luxurious place than Bluefriars; pay up the entrance fees as though you liked it; and if the grateful father, whilst thanking you for your kindness, express a doubt as to whether he can afford to keep dear Tommy at so crack an academy as this, assure him without pulling a face that you had all along contemplated taking the expenses of dear Tommy's education on your own shoulders. That is the way to do business; and depend upon it your godson will show his gratitude. He will never omit to call upon you for a tip before going back to school; he will let you know when he thinks the time come for buying him a watch; and if you visit him during his school half, regale him with a dinner, and offer him a couple of sovereigns; you may be persuaded he will welcome you with affability and describe you to his comrades as a brick—which, as things go, is a fair return for the money. Possibly, however, when later you are dragged into a disbursement of capital to afford Tommy a fair start in life, it may occur to you that, at this price, you might just as well have married and begotten a son of your own. But pray dismiss this notion. In the first place, it is too late to recall what is past; and in the next place, think how delighted you would have been to have a godfather do for you what you are doing for Tommy.

It is well to remark here that the man who discharges his first duties as a godfather with spirit and liberality will probably find himself obliged to stand sponsor on many subsequent occasions. Good godfathers are, indeed, quoted in the social share list quite as highly as good dinner givers and smart croquet-players. Well-stuffed seats are provided for them in places of festive resort, mothers of families are pleased to see them looking so healthy, great care is taken to enumerate to them all the moral imperfections of any lady they may have thought of marrying, and they are generally saddled with a pretty goddaughter or two in addition to their godsons. Now, goddaughters open to spheres of activity and dis-

bursement which remain unexplored in the case of boys. Boys cannot appeal to the softer side of one's nature with worsted slippers which they have worked with their own hands. If they want to go to Ascot or Wimbledon they can well go alone, without asking you to convey them in a barouche in the company of their mother and sisters, and with a hamper of refreshments hanging from behind. Then if they fall in love you are not exposed to seeing them break into your chambers with their veils down, and implore you, on their knees, to intercede with their parents that they may be allowed to marry a sub-lieutenant without sixpence. Girls do these things, and when beauty and profuse weeping combine to render them persuasive, where is the godfather who would not espouse the cause of the sub-lieutenant, sixpenceless or with sixpence? There are painful anecdotes current of godfathers who have been beguiled in this way into acts of magnanimity which they had not foreseen. For instance, the young lady's father has yielded to their eloquence, but he has introduced this proviso, that the sponsor shall himself pay for the housekeeping establishment of the young people whom he has rendered so happy. This is, no doubt, disa-

greeable, and it takes a good many pairs of worsted slippers to make one forget the purchase and furnishing of a semi-detached villa at Richmond. But then, be it recollected, sponsorship was never intended to be a vain amusement; and if a godfather cannot debar his charges from the pomps and vanities which he solemnly promised they should forego, the least he can do is to initiate them to these pomps with as little cost and deception to themselves as may be. For this reason we would advise godfathers to be self-denying, and to save up as much of their substance as they can for their friends' children. It is on record that a few godfathers have had handsome tombstones erected to them by those they had benefited; but without asking any one to speculate on such gratitude as this, we would submit that it is a sweet thing at the evening of life to receive from one of the young ladies one has married to a sub-lieutenant a letter beginning — "My dear, dear godfather, — As you were always so kind to me, I cannot better prove my thankfulness than by asking you to stand sponsor to my darling baby just born." This would be a case for saying, *Finis coronat opus*.

For the Early English Text Society's proposed volume of early travels to the Holy Land, some curious directions to intending travellers are being copied from the Cotton Appendix VIII., leaf 108, back, which are not all out of place now. The first bit of advice is to be "softe and of faire speche atte alle tymes; for meny ben rude, and somme right malycious and full of debate." Another, as to the Italian spring, is, "In ytaile and alle his parties is grete hete in the said moneth of Marche | And some after suche abundance of ffirre as were not good for none englissh man sodenly comyng ther atte that tyme of the yere | but yef he were well aged, and coude kepe him the better." A third warns the virtuoso: "Be warre atte Venyse and atte alle such other places as ye fynden eny p[re]cious stones, Jewelles, or Relikes ynn[e] | for meny that ben right slye will be right besy to desseyve you and yourses." After advice for the return journey "thorough the streites of Marroke," to "Lisbone," or to "Burdeux," and "fro thens into Ingeland," the old counsellor winds up

with, "And no more: for the further ye go | the more ye shall se and knowe."

Athenæum.

REST.

O EARTH, lie heavily upon her eyes;
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth;
Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,
Hushed in and curtained with a blessed
dearth
Of all that irked her from the hour of birth;
With stillness that is almost Paradise.
Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,
Silence more musical than any song;
Even her very heart has ceased to stir;
Until the morning of eternity
Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be;
And when she wakes she will not think it long.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.